National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AT THE MELODEON.

The Garrisonian Abolition Convention honoured the *Traveller* yesterday with several hours of unqualified abuse. We are rather hardened to such compliments but accept it thankfully, in the assurance that whatever the Garrisonians abuse any one for doing, is generally about right. The particular sin laid to our charge appears to consist in having reported, somewhat sportively, the operations of the gentle gathering in the Melodeon the day before. We were present once at a debate in the United States Senate, in which Mr. Cass took similar offence at Mr. Hale, and the latter replied that he treated subjects according to their merits in his judgment; if ridiculous, with ridicule; if serious, with gravity. Mr. Cass, on cooling, adjusted his wig, and begged Mr. Hale's pardon, but it is too much to expect the Garrisonians to follow his example.

It is generally well to let these peppery individuals alone. (We use the word individuals, because the word gentlemen does not apply, being applicable to one sex only.) They are trained to proficiency in abusive language, just as a carpenter is trained in planing, or a mantua-maker in sewing, and they understand their trade. At the risk, however, of another demolition to-day, we shall venture to make a few serious suggestions which our Melodeonic friends will do well to heed.

We have a sincere respect for certain members of the Garrisonian party. Some of them are talented, refined, eloquent, honest and our personal friends. We know hardly any one, for example, for whom we entertain more regard than for Wendell Phillips. But the great majority forfeit all claim to our esteem by being blasphemous, vituperative, coarse and vile in their manners and language. We need only instance a man named Foss, who has the impudence to claim the title Reverend, and who began a sentence in a speech at New York, week before last, with the phrase, "I hate the Union," and ended it with saying, "I hate Jesus Christ." All the leaders of the Garrison party sat around, but no one of them rebuked this monstrous blasphemy. The speech was circulated through all the Southern papers, and Mr. Foss was denounced as "a Republican." If he had died in his cradle, he would have done better by himself, than to have lived to commit this sin.

The same style of thought has been manifested at this gathering in the Melodeon. We listened yesterday to the comprehensive abuse uttered by Mr. Higginson, who also claims to be a minister of the Gospel. If we had staid five minutes longer than we did, and his effect had been equal to his effort, we should have been convinced that the population of the world consisted of one billion of depraved wretches, and one perfect man named Higginson. It was just so with the whole of them, the same eternal whine, redeemed only in the case of Wendell Phillips by eloquence.

All such stuff does only harm. The few Garrisonians whom we believe honest in uttering it, we wish could be brought under different influences, for they are unconsciously injuring the anti-slavery cause. They are sustaining by the weight of their character an organization, four-fifths of whose members are selfish or indiscreet men, or unsexed women; an organization which has become fruitless, and will die in the next generation. In the monotony of life, individuals are not continually conscious of their real position in society, but though rare, moments of such realization sooner or later occur to every man. We wish that such a moment may occur to part of these gentlemen in the Melodeon, to-day. Let them stop and think in what company they are training, and what good purpose, if any, they are serving.

For the remainder of the Garrisonian party, the strong-minded women, and the professional humanitarians, who earn their daily bread by injuring the noble cause they profess to serve, we have no feeling but of ridicule and contempt. It is useless to meet them with argument. They are not worth treating with pity. One of their peculiarities is a key to their whole character—the nearer a well-behaved man comes to their professed anti-slavery doctrines, the more vilely they abuse him.—*Traveller.*

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The afternoon meeting of the Anti-Slavery Convention was not very fully attended, probably owing to the necessity of obtaining a further supply of physical fuel* to keep the fires of disunion at white heat. The *Traveller* was the principal, certainly the only interesting subject of discussion during the afternoon; but before that was taken up a gentleman, whose name we were unable to learn, hailing, we believe, from Virginia, spoke for half or three-quarters of an hour in a strain of uninterrupted fervour, and with an immense expenditure of lingual, lungual, ventral and physical force. To compare his eloquence to anything except Niagara, would be to do him and that well-known mill-stream great injustice. Our reporter's feeling's were precisely like those of a man under the sheet of this famous cataract, but our limited space prevents us from transcribing anything from his notes, except the following sentence, which will give in a nut-shell the gist of the speaker's logical argument, and convey some idea of the exuberance of his rhetoric, the fire of his manner, and the music of his voice: "A a a-ng o w g h o s h p zzz st m a e i o n n g rrr K a n-n g s a zzz f l g i q p st rrr sh sh n g ang—rrr rrr rrr—and the temple of the free." Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the speaker was received and applauded, some person in the assembly had the impertinence to get up and ask the chairman of the meeting if he was going to speak all the afternoon.

Owing to his shockingly bad taste in the matter of oratory, the speaker speedily concluded, and was succeeded by Mr. Samuel May, who took for his text the *Traveller's* report of the meeting of the Convention yesterday. We are sorry to say that he failed to do justice to his excellent subject. We had supposed that the nature of the theme would inspire him, but no—it was one dead level, only varied by a few biographical reminiscences of the *Traveller's* editor-in-chief, the history of the Great Consolidation, &c., &c., all instructive and interesting, but not exactly *ad rem.* Mr. May forgot to mention that our ten-cylinder press will soon be sent on and put up, when we hope to be able to satisfy all our friends and patrons, and move wholly in quarto-style. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. May offered some resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the *Traveller's* report is scurrilous in general and false in particular, and now we know which way the fox runs.

2. Resolved, That the gentlemen who constitute this Convention have the monopoly of scurrility, defamation, impiety, blasphemy, slander, and other moral and intellectual virtues and excellences.

3. Resolved, That good-natured raillery and sarcasm when applied to this Convention, having the monopoly above mentioned, is sacrilege.

4. Resolved, That the *Traveller* is a great but corrupt institution.

5. Resolved, That we never have read the *Traveller*, and do not take it.

6. Resolved, That we never will.

All of which resolutions were adopted *nem. con.*, except that our reporter wishes to add the following, but feared for his personal safety:

7. Resolved, That Mercury may just as well lay aside his "talaria," and wear brogans during the rest of his natural life—that the *Traveller* is now the organ of the Thunderer, and that all one-horse gods and goddesses are required to make room for the celestial incumbent.

Our reporter left the Convention, with its various forefingers upon its respective noses, considering what could be done for P. F., versus the New York *Tribune* and the Boston *Traveller*, while Mr. Garrison was occupying the platform.—*Traveller.*

*In noticing the first session of the Convention, the *Traveller* flippantly said, "Mr. Phillips here *gave out*, when the meeting adjourned for *physical fuel*."—*Liberator.*

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

William Lloyd Garrison, Abby Foster and Wendell Phillips were the speakers who addressed the Convention at the Melodeon in the evening. The hall was well filled with a gay and brilliant audience, rainbow-like in the brilliancy and delicate gradations of its colours. Mr. Garrison discussed the relations of the American Church to the Anti-Slavery Society, and discussed without the "dis" the former. He characterized the Church as mean, base, bad-hearted, wicked, contemptible and cowardly. He bade his auditors give no more money (rather a useless piece of advice) to the various organizations coöperating with the Church, such as the Missionary, Tract, Sunday School and Bible Societies; and besought them to turn their funds into the all-perfect, the excellent and wholly disinterested Society which he represented. We observed no outbreak of spontaneous benevolence following this appeal, but it was evidently great fun to the audience to see this unceremonious vituperation of the bulwarks of orthodoxy. It did them great good to hear the Church called the bulwark of slavery, especially as the speaker did not mention any feasible substitute for its systematic rascality in the process of converting the world.

Abby Foster—*in her Bloomer regimentals*—followed Mr. Garrison, in a brief and somewhat ineffective speech, which aimed to convince the Kansas Free State men that their sufferings were good for them, and were merely in accordance with the law which has been wisely ordained, that the suffering of a single member shall be the warning of danger to the body politic. We didn't hear her explain how this comforted the suffering member. She speedily made way for the orator of the evening.

Mr. Wendell Phillips stepped upon the platform, and was greeted with long and continued cheers. He spoke for half an hour in a strain of mingled beauty and eloquence, such as only he is capable of. His argument was for disunion, and his immediate purpose to show that the Union was only a useless husk, to be puffed away for its worthlessness. "Our civilization," he said, "was a growth, not a creation; and if the Union was taken away, there would still remain the Anglo-Saxon mind, that has risen through its hundred of years to its present strength and power." Anecdote, fact, fun and fancy, sarcasm, wit and argument, all mingled in the stream of his eloquence, and *puttied the audience to their seats* till half-past nine, when the Convention adjourned till ten to-morrow morning.—*Traveller.*

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

Our reporter regrets that the interesting question of "physical fuel" did not come up before the Convention in the evening. He is confident that all the physiologists treat of man as a stove for the creation of heat, and of bread and beef-steak as its appropriate fuel, and therefore we went down to the Melodeon with an armful of authorities, from Carpenter to Cutter, and were ready to discharge at them the precedents and the language of surgeons and doctors, enough to give the disunionists visions of raw-heads and bloody-bones for the rest of their lives. The Convention wisely refrained from discussing the questions.

The resolutions condemning the *Traveller's* infringement of patent, were read again, amidst murmurs of gentle applause. Mr. C. L. Remond, of Salem (coloured), then uncorked his vials of wrath and anointed Chief-Justice Taney pretty effectually. Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop and Rufus Choate also received some of the drippings. Parker Pillsbury recounted fragments of his personal history, beginning at the time he studied how to be a "reverend" in a little theological school in New Hampshire. The most effective portion of his speech was a *cannon*-ization of General Taylor as the Beelzebub of the old Whig party. Perhaps we ought to make an exception, however, in behalf of a disquisition on the "empty-headed Natick Cobler." He took up the *Traveller* at the close of his speech, but, like Mr. May, failed to do justice to his subject. Our reporter was really disgusted with P. P.; his speech was as like Mr. May's as two P's.

Mr. Garrison presented and sustained some resolutions upon the Dred Scott decision, but with less of the monomaniacal inspiration than usual.

Wendell Phillips made the concluding speech. He began with the *Traveller*. All his predecessors had fired their pop-guns, but the powder wasn't worthy of the game. It is a favourite expression down east, when a man fails in any attempt from incapacity or overdoing, to say that he "slops over." Now, our reporter is of the opinion that Mr. May and P. P. (happy coincidence of May and Peas) "slopped over" in treating of the *Traveller*. But when Wendell Phillips brought out his Paixhan, our reporter felt like a hen-coop. The orator was worthy of the theme. The theme was worthy of the orator.

Rome was not Rome to the world till she had found a historian. Gibbon was not Gibbon till he had written of the decadence of Rome. Napoleon was not Napoleon till the Rev. Abbott had written his history. The Rev. Abbott was not the Rev. Abbott till he had consummated the sum of his literary villanies by the life of the great conqueror. To be sure, his biography is full of nonsense, cant, trumpery and bosh; but that makes no difference. It is perfect of its kind. It ends his labours and is the crown of his career. The matchless Phillips can do no more. No other theme is worthy of his voice. To be sure, his "View" of the *Traveller* and its conductor is as distorted as a landscape seen through a bull's-eye is perfect, for a thicker and muddier one never existed.

Few civilized beings would be willing to use an Australian boomerang. But who does not admire the skill of the native boomeranger? These disunionists can now "melt, thaw and dissolve." The climax has been reached. The Church has been happy in being consigned to infamy by them. The Union has been bound together by their attacks. Orthodoxy has stood up the straighter for their ridicule. The *Traveller* has added another laurel to its chaplet. It has been damned by Garrison, and consigned to infamy by Phillips. What more is needed? Verily, *quantum, suff.*—*Traveller.*

Selections.

POINTS OF LAW IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

[The points decided in the Dred Scott case are thus stated by the Reporter of the Court, no doubt by its authority and action.]

I.

1. Upon a writ of error to a Circuit Court of the United States, the transcript of the record of all the proceedings in the case is brought before this Court, and is open to its inspection and revision.

2. When a plea to the jurisdiction, in abatement, is overruled by the Court upon demurrer, and the defendant pleads in bar, and upon these pleas the final judgment of the Court is in his favour—if the plaintiff brings a writ of error, the judgment of the Court upon the plea in abatement is before the Court, altough it was in favour of the plaintiff—and if the Court erred in overruling it, the judgment must be reversed, and a mandate issued to the Circuit Court to dismiss the case for want of jurisdiction.

3. In the Circuit Court of the United States, the record must show that the case is one in which, by the Constitution and laws of the United States, the Court had jurisdiction—and if this does not appear, and the Court gives judgment either for plaintiff or defendant, it is error, and the judgment must be reversed by this Court—and the parties cannot by consent waive the objection to the jurisdiction of the Circuit Court.

4. A free negro of the African race, whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a "citizen" within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States.

5. When the Constitution was adopted, they were not regarded in any of the States as members of the community which constituted the State, and were not numbered among its "people or citizens." Consequently, the special rights and immunities guaranteed to citizens do not apply to them. And not being "citizens" within the meaning of the Constitution, they are not entitled to sue in that character in a Court of the United States, and the Circuit Court has not jurisdiction in such a suit.

6. The only two clauses in the Constitution which point to this race, treat them as persons whom it was morally lawful to deal in as articles of property and to hold as slaves.

7. Since the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, no State can by any subsequent law make a foreigner or any other description of persons citizens of the United States, nor entitle them to the rights and privileges secured to citizens by that instrument.

8. A State, by its laws passed since the adoption of the Constitution, may put a foreigner or any other description of persons upon a footing with its own citizens, as to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by them within its dominion and by its laws. But that will not make him a citizen of the United States, nor entitle him to sue in its Courts, nor to any of the privileges and immunities of a citizen in another State.

9. The change in public opinion and feeling in relation to the African race, which has taken place since the adoption of the Constitution, cannot change its construction and meaning, and it must be construed and administered now according to its true meaning and intention when it was formed and adopted.

10. The plaintiff having admitted, by his demurrer to the plea in abatement, that his ancestors were imported from Africa and sold as slaves, he is not a citizen of the State of Missouri according to the Constitution of the United States, and was not entitled to sue in that character in the Circuit Court.

11. This being the case, the judgment of the Court below, in favour of the plaintiff on the plea in abatement, was erroneous.

II.

1. But if the plea in abatement is not brought up by this writ of error, the objection to the citizenship of the plaintiff is still apparent on the record, as he himself, in making out his case, states that he is of African descent, was born a slave, and claims that he and his family became entitled to freedom by being taken by their owner to reside in a Territory where slavery is prohibited by act of Congress—and that, in addition to this claim, he himself became entitled to freedom by being taken to Rock Island, in the State of Illinois—and being free when he was brought back to Missouri, he was by the laws of that State a citizen.

2. If, therefore, the facts he states do not give him or his family a right to freedom, the plaintiff is still a slave, and not entitled to sue as a "citizen," and the judgment of the Circuit Court was erroneous on that ground also, without any reference to the plea in abatement.

3. The Circuit Court can give no judgment for plaintiff or defendant in a case where it has not jurisdiction, no matter whether there be a plea in the abatement or not. And unless it appears upon the face of the record, when brought here by writ of error, that the Circuit Court had jurisdiction, the judgment must be reversed.

The case of Capron *vs.* Van Noorden (2 Cranch, 126) examined, and the principles thereby decided, reaffirmed.

4. When the record, as brought here by writ of error, does not show that the Circuit Court had jurisdiction, this Court has jurisdiction to revise and correct the error, like any other error in the Court below. It does not and cannot dismiss the case for want of jurisdiction here; for that would leave the erroneous judgment of the Court below in full force, and the party injured without remedy. But it must reverse the judgment, and, as in any other case of reversal, send a mandate to the Circuit Court to conform its judgment to the opinion of this Court.

5. The difference of the jurisdiction in this Court in the cases of writs of error to State Courts and to Circuit Courts of the United States, pointed out; and the mistakes made as to the jurisdiction of this Court in the latter case by confounding it with its limited jurisdiction in the former.

6. If a court reverses a judgment upon the ground that it appears by a particular part of the record that the Circuit Court had not jurisdiction, it does not take away the jurisdiction of this Court to examine into and correct, by a reversal of the judgment, any other errors, either as to the jurisdiction or any other matter, where it appears from other parts of the record that the Circuit Court had fallen into error. On the contrary, it is the daily and familiar practice of this Court to reverse on several grounds, where more than one error appears to have been committed. And the error of the Circuit Court in its jurisdiction stands on the same ground, and is to be treated in the same manner, as any other error upon which its judgment is founded.

7. The decision, therefore, that the judgment of the Circuit Court upon the plea in abatement is erroneous, is no reason why the alleged error apparent in the exception should not also be examined, and the judgment reversed on that ground also, if it discloses a want of jurisdiction in the Circuit Court.

8. It is often the duty of this Court, after having decided that a particular decision of the Circuit Court was erroneous, to examine into other alleged errors, and to correct them if they are found to exist. And this has been uniformly done by this Court, when the questions are in any degree connected with the controversy, and the silence of the Court might create doubts which would lead to further and useless litigation.

III.

1. The facts upon which the plaintiff relies did not give him his freedom, and make him a citizen of Missouri.

2. The clause in the Constitution authorizing Congress to make all needful rules and regulations for the government of the territory and other property of the United States, applies only to territory within the chartered limits of some one of the States when they were colonies of Great Britain, and which was surrendered by the British Government to the old Confederation of States in the treaty of peace. It does not apply to territory acquired by the present Federal Government, by treaty or conquest, from a foreign nation.

The case of the American and Ocean Insurance Companies *vs.* Canter (1 Peters, 511) referred to and examined, showing that the decision in this case is not in conflict with that opinion, and that the Court did not, in the case referred to, decide upon the construction of the clause of the Constitution above mentioned, because the case before them did not make it necessary to decide the question.

3. The United States, under the present Constitution, cannot acquire territory to be held as a colony, to be governed at its will and pleasure. But it may acquire territory which, at the time, has not a population that fits it to become a State, and may govern it as a territory until it has a population which, in the judgment of Congress, entitles it to be admitted as a State of the Union.

4. During the time that it remains a territory, Congress may legislate over it within the scope of its constitutional powers in relation to citizens of the United States—and may establish a Territorial government—and the form of this local government must be regulated by the discretion of Congress—but with powers not exceeding those which Congress itself, by the Constitution, is authorized to exercise over the citizens of the United States, in respect to their rights of persons or rights of property.

IV.

1. The Territory thus acquired is acquired by the people of the United States for their common and equal benefit, through their agent and trustees—the Federal Government. Congress can exercise no power over the rights of persons or property or of a citizen in the Territory which is prohibited by the Constitution. The Government and the citizen, whenever the Territory is open to settlement, both enter it with their respective rights defined and limited by the Constitution.

2. Congress have no right to prohibit the citizens of any particular State or States from taking up their home there, while it permits citizens of other States to do so. Nor has it a right to give privileges to one class of citizens which it refuses to another. The Territory is acquired for their equal and common benefit—and, if open to any, it must be open to all, upon equal and the same terms.

3. Every citizen has a right to take with him into the Territory any article of property which the Constitution of the United States recognises as property.

4. The Constitution of the United States recognises slaves as property, and pledges the Federal Government to protect it. And Congress cannot exercise any more authority over property of that description than it may constitutionally exercise over property of any other kind.

5. The act of Congress, therefore, prohibiting a citizen of the United States from taking with him his slaves when he removes to the Territory in question to reside, is not authorized by the Constitution—and the removal of the plaintiff, by his owner, to that Territory, gave him no title to freedom.

V.

1. The plaintiff himself acquired no title to freedom by being taken by his owner to Rock Island, in Illinois, and brought back to Missouri. This Court has therefore decided that the *status* or condition of a person of African descent depended on the laws of the State in which he resided.

2. It has been settled by the decision of the highest Court in Missouri, that, by the laws of that State, a slave does not become entitled to his freedom, where the owner takes him to reside in a State where slavery is not permitted, and afterwards brings him back to Missouri.

Conclusion.—It follows that it is apparent upon the record that the Court below erred in its judgment on the plea in abatement, and also erred in giving judgment for the defendant, when the exception showed that the plaintiff was not a citizen of the United States. And, as the Circuit Court has no jurisdiction, either in the case stated in the plea in abatement, or in the one stated in the exception, its judgment in favour of the defendant is erroneous, and must be reversed.

MR. JOLIFFE MOBBED IN COVINGTON.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, June 1.

John Joliffe, Esq., a lawyer of this city, extensively known as the friend and advocate of the slave in cases arising under the "Fugitive law," was on Saturday last mobbed in Covington, and driven out of that town. Mr. and Mrs. Joliffe had been invited by Rev. Mr. Sage, of Covington, to dine, and Mrs. J. went over in the morning; between 12 and 1 Mr. Joliffe started over. On the ferry-boat he inquired the way to Mr. Sage's.

Proceeding up town, Mr. Jolliffe was accosted near the first cross street, above the landing, by name. He extended his hand to the man, saying at the same time, "I don't recollect you." The man replied, "My name is Gaines. I know you d—d well, you d—d rascal—you d—d nigger thief. You came over here to steal our niggers." Mr. Joliffe, thinking this was only the usual Kentucky way, said, good-naturedly, "Oh, no, I came over here to dine with my friend, the Rev. Mr. Sage." A crowd collected around them, and Gaines thrust his fist against Mr. Joliffe's breast, and into his face, using violent and insulting language at the same time, evidently with the design of provoking Mr. Jolliffe to some show of violence. Mr. Joliffe, however, walked on, surrounded by the hooting crowd, beyond the Madison House, and finally went into Timberlake's store for protection.

Timberlake made some show of dissuading Gaines, and even holding him, but seemed very glad when he got Mr. Jolliffe out into the street again. Gaines then went to the corner of the street and made a proclamation that "Joliffe was a d—d nigger thief, and that all those interested in niggers had better look out, for he had come over to steal their niggers." This brought a still larger crowd out. Mr. Joliffe finding it was impossible to proceed to Mr. Sage's, turned to the crowd and told them that if they were determined not to permit him to go on, that he would return, and appealed to them for protection to the ferry. This gathering of Kentucky gentlemen (for there was a number of merchants and respectable looking men in it, with some rowdies) replied with one voice, "G—d d—n you, you need not appeal to us," and laughed in derision at the idea.

Mr. Jolliffe was in great danger of being seriously injured by the crowd, when Mr. Warnock (an ex-marshal) came up, and, taking Mr. Jolliffe by one arm, guaranteed to see him safely to the boat. Marshal Lett took the other, and they walked toward the ferry, Gaines and the crowd following. A large man walking with Gaines cried out, "Get a cowhide and cowhide him," and Gaines inquired at every house they passed for a cowhide. He finally got a whip and struck Mr. Jolliffe with it over the shoulders, when Marshal Lett turned and arrested Gaines. A German then came forward to assist in protecting Mr. Jolliffe, and he arrived safely on the ferryboat.

On the way down the crowd seemed determined on violence, crying out "lynch him," "cowhide him," "hang him," and were only deterred by the determined conduct of Mr. Warnock and Marshal Lett.

Mr. Warnock deserves great credit for his conduct in this affair. Though differing entirely from Mr. Jolliffe in his views on slavery, yet he is too high-minded and honourable a gentleman to permit even a political enemy to suffer by mob violence.

There is no doubt, from the spirit manifested by the mob, that but for the interposition of these men, Mr. Jolliffe would have suffered serious personal injury.

Gaines will be tried to-morrow at 10 o'clock before Mayor Foley, who, we understand, has expressed a determination to put a stop to such scenes. This Gaines became notorious as the master of Margaret, the negro woman who murnered her little girl rather than see her returned to slavery. We presume he will receive but little sympathy in Covington, for he is regarded with great contempt by all honourable Kentuckians for his conduct in taking Margaret away secretly from Frankfort and selling her down South, when he had promised the Governor of that State to keep her to await a requisition from Governor Chase; not only breaking his own word (which was nothing), but also causing the Governor of Kentucky to break his, and thus bringing disgrace upon the State.

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER vs. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

From The Kentucky Weekly News.

In Wednesday morning's Cincinnatti *Enquirer*, we find the following paragraph introducing an eloquent extract of one of Wendell Phillips's speeches recently made in New York, before the American Anti-Slavery Society:

"Wendell Phillips.—When this shameless demagogue was invited to lecture to the merchants and citizens of Cincinnati, by the former administration of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, we took occasion to express our opinion that it was an abuse of the privileges of the Association, and an attempt to injure and degrade it. For this expression of our opinion we were subjected to much abuse at the time, and afterward, during the contest for the election of Directors of the Association. As a slight proof of the justice of our opinions we beg the attention of the friends of this Association to the following amiable sentiments uttered by Wendell Phillips at the recent anniversary of the Abolitionists in New York."

What are these sentiments so shocking to the *Enquirer*, and which render Mr. Phillips unfit to address an association of young men? Why, simply that he "denounced the Constitution and the Union." Is there anything monstrous or new in this? Does the *Enquirer* suppose that opposition to the Union and Federal Constitution had its origin in Wendell Phillips? Does he not know that the value of the Union has been a matter of doubt and of discussion ever since the idea of a Federal Union was suggested? Is there anything so sacred in this compact of ours that we should not talk about it? Of what value is our vaunted liberty of speech if we cannot exercise it? The value of the Union is a mooted question—the *Enquirer* loves it and Phillips hates it. The *Enquirer* labours to save it, and Wendell to destroy it. The *Enquirer* would preserve the Union to perpetuate slavery, while Phillips would dash it to pieces, that, through its crumbling ruins, the slave might rise to the majesty of manhood. Both have a legal and natural right to their opinions and to their freest exercise. The editor of the *Enquirer* has so long breathed the air of Slavery, and so long trampled upon the right of the coloured man, that he has forgotten the rights of the free white man; but a few years' residence on free soil will teach him that there are other rights to be respected besides cruelty and oppression, as claimed by the slaveholder.

Again, Mr. Phillips would have "a Yankee loathe the sight of a man who lived on the unpaid labour of the oppressed," and so would the editor of the *Enquirer*, unless we much mistake his notions of common honesty. If this sentiment is obnoxious to him, we are quite sure it is not to the young men who compose the Mercantile Library Association.

But, again, another of Mr. Phillips's "amiable sentiments," so disgusting to the *Enquirer*, is that "The American pulpit, which is perfectly certain that dancing is a sin, has not yet had time to ascertain whether a Christian ought or not to obey a law which he knows was bad."

The truth of this assertion the *Enquirer* will probably not deny. The American Church long ago settled the fact that dancing was a sin, and every year its ministers add afresh, their testimony to its hideous character; while a majority of that same Church, can see no wrong in the vilest system of human oppression, that ever disgraced the human race.

Doubtless, the *higher law* doctrine involved in Mr. Phillips's idea, is the objectionable feature in the above sentiment. There are two classes of non-law-abiding citizens—one of which refuses to obey any law of God, and the other will violate any law which is contrary to the interest of their party or of themselves. Judging by their antecedents, Mr. Phillips belongs to one class and the editor of the *Enquirer* to the other. If necessary to secure freedom to the panting fugitive, Mr. Phillips would trample every human law under foot. If it were desirable to steal a State and murder its inhabitants, in order to extend the area and power of slavery, the editor of the *Enquirer* would trample upon *all* laws human or Divine. If he should deny this, we would simply refer him to the gallant spirits whose blood and bones are now enriching the soil of Nicaragua, who were sent to their doom by the public and private exertions of the editor of the *Enquirer*. Both, then, are law-breakers—the one to emancipate and ennoble his brother man, and the other to degrade and imbrute him. Which of the two is most entitled to the regard and esteem of the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, we leave them and the reader to decide.

It is not to be supposed that the *Democratic* (?) editor of the *Enquirer*, who hates *liberty* and loves *slavery*, could admire this gifted and eloquent advocate, whose life is devoted to the emancipation of millions of our countrymen who are this day, amid the oppressions and cruelties of slavery, sighing to be free. He who has no heart to sympathize with the down-trodden and the oppressed is a monster, and the man who would place his foot upon the fallen and powerless is the basest of all cowards. Now, we do not say that the editor of the *Enquirer* is a monster or a coward, but we do say that he is allied to a party whose only principle now is to keep three or four millions of our own American men, women and children in hopeless bondage—that his party is powerful, while the subjects of his cruelty and oppression are prostrate, weak and helpless.

OUR TESTIMONY AGAINST SLAVERY.

It may be doubted whether at any period since the "nefarious traffic for slaves to the coast of Africa" commenced and slavery itself was established in America, there has been a greater activity in prosecuting the former, or a stronger determination to maintain and extend the latter, than is manifest at the present time. The extraordinary rise in the price of sugar has created a pressing demand for slave labour; and this demand, in its turn, has so stimulated the foreign slave trade that more vessels are probably now engaged in the traffic than at any previous time since it was prohibited by the laws of Great Britain and the United States.

The necessity for the maintenance of a faithful, practical testimony against the whole iniquitous system was, therefore, never more imperative upon the Society of Friends and upon its members individually. "At the present juncture, we think it particularly incumbent on every individual deeply to ponder *his own particular share* in the testimony which we have so long believed it our duty to bear, and to be careful not to stifle the smallest conviction of duty."* In a communication that may be found on another page, a valued friend and correspondent suggests *one* of the modes by which our countenance and encouragement may be withdrawn from the support of slavery and its necessary attendant, the slave trade.

Is there not danger that we who have sat in judgment upon the world in this matter, may have the world's righteous judgment turned upon ourselves? "She hath been more righteous than I," was the language of convicted Judah, towards one of whom he had said, "Bring her forth and let her be burnt." What an instructive lesson!

* English Discipline.

In his concluding paragraph, our correspondent refers to a circumstance which, to be fully understood, requires some explanation. A meeting-house in Charleston, S. C., belonging to the Society of Friends and under the care of Philadelphia Meeting for Sufferings, was destroyed by fire a few years since. As no meeting had been kept up, there seemed no immediate necessity for rebuilding the house, but it was found that the lot would escheat to the State, if no meeting-house should be erected within a certain period. By the minutes of the Meetings for Sufferings, read in our late yearly meeting, it appeared that a committee had, therefore, proceeded to Charleston and made a contract for the building of a house, and that it had been completed. As the same minutes further informed that the Meeting for Sufferings had appointed a committee to promote the testimony of truth against slavery and the slave trade, and as our discipline forbids the hiring of slaves, by our members, when the compensation for their services is to be appropriated to the benefit of the slaveholder, the question was asked, whether, in making the contract for the building of the meeting-house, the committee had provided against the employment of slaves. The answers showed that such care had not been taken. While there was no disposition to harshly censure the committee or the Meeting for Sufferings, yet as the case was one in which great probability existed that slave labour would be employed unless a special arrangement was made to prevent it, deep regret was felt by many in the Yearly Meeting that so good an opportunity of bearing a testimony against slavery, in conformity with the spirit and letter of our discipline, had been neglected, and that the influence of a faithful example, in the midst of a slaveholding community and upon our own members, had not been secured.—*Friends' Review.*

THE STANDARD.

New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON,

At the Melodeon, Boston, Tuesday Morning, May 26, 1857.

Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton.

Mr. President: Last Wednesday evening, by special invitation, I lectured on the subject of slavery in Wilmington, Delaware—the first slave State in which I ever publicly raised my voice against that foul system of oppression (loud applause). Though the audience was not large, it was highly respectable and intelligent, and I was listened to from beginning to end with all the courtesy and patience that could possibly be desired under any circumstances. But, while declaring to them "the whole counsel of God" in relation to the sin of slavery, I stated to them that my visit was purely incidental; that my work, as a Northern man, was with the North, and not with the South; that in this struggle men must stand in their lot, wherever they happened to be; and, regarding the North as even more guilty than the South—having less temptation and more light—as the great prop and bulwark of the slave system, without which it would fall to the ground—as a Northern man, and as a matter of common sense, I chose to keep my position in Boston, until the whole North had been won over to the side of freedom. When that had been accomplished, I did not care to know what might be the language or purpose of the South; for she would then be constrained to let the oppressed go free.

This is our appropriate work. Years ago, we were constantly taunted, by those who had no sympathy with the slave, for not going to the South! Ay, when ninety-nine out of a hundred at the North were in sworn league and fellowship with the slaveholders themselves—when every political party was steeped to its lips in blood-guiltiness—when the entire religious sentiment of the North was actively engaged in beating down every effort for emancipation, and justifying slavery in the name of God, and from the pages of the Bible! It was a murderous taunt, because those who uttered it knew full well that it was utterly impossible for any Northern man to go to the South, and speak as a freeman should, except at the peril of his life.

Sir, our work is with the North—with New England—with Massachusetts. Under God, we shall succeed at last, because, in a revolution of this kind, there is no going backward, but a constant advance in the right direction, and victory after victory attests that our march is upward and onward to the goal of emancipation. Still, we have a mighty work to perform; and the object of our assembling annually at this Convention is to find out what progress has been made on the one hand, and what remains to be done on the other, before our task shall have been completed.

Sir, this is Anniversary Week in the City of Boston—the time when our great religious bodies come up, as the Jews went annually to Jerusalem, to hold high festival, and to tell of the things they have done for God, and for the redemption of the world. Yet I shall do them no injustice when I say that if a vote could be taken among them, whether this Convention should now be in session, to consider the wrongs and woes of the enslaved in our land, a very large majority would be found inimical to our assembling together. We do not meet here as one of their number; we are not deemed worthy of their recognition and countenance. We are here, in their judgment, rather as disturbers of the peace, and not well disposed toward religion, and only to bring railing accusations against the Church, and to decry the ministry. So that, if the New England Convention were to be blotted out from this Anniversary Week, in vain would the slave look to any other body for anything of sympathy, or hope, or cheer, in regard to his bondage, and his ultimate emancipation.

If this be so, then it is the religious sentiment of the North which is, first of all, to be criticised, and summoned to the bar of judgment.

Where do our great religious bodies stand, after thirty years of agitation for the abolition of slavery? Stand? Why, just where they stood thirty years ago—it may be, softened and ameliorated individually, but as respects action, decisive, uncompromising action against slavery as a system to be abolished, and slaveholding as a sin to be denounced, their position remains unaltered. Hence, the American Church, of which these bodies constitute their due proportion, is justly, in our resolutions, held up as a false and apostate Church. It is not the Church of Christ; for Christ came to set men free, not to reduce them to bondage; and our voice is raised against this Church, because it assumes to be true and faithful unto him who gave himself for the redemption of the world. We, have, in the American Board of Commissioners, in the American Tract Society, in the American Bible Society, in the American Home Missionary Society, in the American Sunday School Union, the organized orthodox, evangelical religion of our country; and, sir, speaking generally and popularly, we have no other religion in America but an orthodox religion. What is called heterodoxy is purely exceptional, feeble, insignificant, and more or less proscribed, in all parts of the land. In the slave States there is scarcely anything else than orthodoxy of the most stringent type, the whole body of slaveholders and slave-traders pluming themselves on being thoroughly evangelical, and giving no quarter to heresy, in any direction. The religion of our country is evangelical; and we have been experimenting with it, in connection with slavery, for more than two centuries. And what has been the result? We have been growing steadily in favour of slavery, multiplying the number of its victims, extending our slave territory, and endeavouring to subjugate this continent to the dominion of the Slave Power. Now, whoever is not totally blind, whoever is not thoroughly infatuated, must see that this experiment has been continued already too long; that with such a religion, and with such machinery as it employs, there is no possibility of the redemption of the land, or the abolition of slavery therein. Nay, if we go on with it as we have hitherto done, it is certain that from four millions of slaves we shall ascend to fourteen millions, or to forty millions; and from fifteen slave States we shall grow to twenty-five or thirty slave States; in fact, we shall expand indefinitely in this horrible work of crushing humanity to the dust. Orthodoxy will not save us. I do not think any particular form of theology will save us. It is not theology that we want—we want honesty. That is the great thing needed in America. We are a thoroughly selfish and dishonest people; and therefore we take four millions of outraged bondmen, and make them our hewers of wood and drawers of water, to minister to our selfishness. We need but one thing to abolish slavery in the land, and that is, to be an honest people. Honesty, therefore, is to be substituted for Theology, and on all occasions to be made the measure of character and the test of religion (applause).

I am glad that we have had an experiment of this kind, with a form of religion deemed essential, in its propagation and in its universal prevalence, to the redemption of the world from all its iniquity. What if it had been otherwise? What if orthodoxy had been exceptionable in the land, instead of heterodoxy? What if Unitarianism and Universalism had everywhere held mastery over the religious faith of the nation? Then it might have been plausibly said, on the side of the Orthodox believer, "This growth of slavery comes of extinguishing the fire of hell hereafter; it comes of pronouncing the devil to be merely a myth; it comes of not believing in the atonement, according to John Calvin; it comes of the rejection of the doctrine of total depravity! No marvel that, with such a lax of religion—with such views of God, and Christ, and human nature—slavery has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of the nation; and it will continue to do so, until this heresy be extirpated, and a sound orthodox faith substituted therefor." This cannot now be said. We are orthodox to the backbone. We do believe in everlasting punishment, in the atonement according to John Calvin, in total depravity—and well nigh demonstrate the truth of that doctrine as a people (applause). We believe in all these things, and at the same time, we believe in slavery as an institution to be guarded, extended and protected, and in perpetuating a worse than heathenish caste against those whose skins are not coloured like our own.

it mean? "The moral duties growing out of the existence" of piracy, highway robbery, and burglary? Why, these are sins to be exterminated at once, and the moral duty is to slay them at once. If the Committee had only reported, that it is among the moral duties of the people of this land at once and forever to annihilate slavery, the American Tract Society would have spoken the true word, and would have taken a sublime position, worthy the approbation of God and all good men. But they did no such thing. Again—they speak of those "moral evils and vices which it [slavery] is known to promote." This is language which leaves slavery itself untouched. It is only complaining of some of the fruits of the tree, while preserving the tree inviolate.

The last resolution, which I will not read, simply intimates that the Tract Society had better not mutilate any works that it may hereafter publish. The Committee cast no blame upon the Society for what it has done in that particular, though they should have faithfully rebuked it for its past truckling policy.

In consequence of the strong condemnation of the Tract Society contained in the resolutions before us, I have made this brief examination of the report of the New York Committee; for we must act understandingly and intelligently, and see to it that when we condemn, we are fully justified in so doing; and when we make an impeachment, that we have all the evidence necessary to sustain it before any audience or any jury.

Sir, I will not say that even this jesuitical Report is not, on the whole, an anti-slavery triumph. Unquestionably it is so, to this extent. Had it not been for our faithful rebukes in times past, no Committee of this kind would have been appointed, and no report submitted the present year. So far, therefore, it is a gain. There was strong opposition to the appointment of the Committee, by the leading men of the Tract Society; but, such was the uneasiness felt, all over the country, on the part of members and friends of the Society, that the point was carried. On this Committee we have Francis Wayland, late President of Brown University, a man who knows better, and ought to have done better. He has sinned against great light in signing such a report as this. We have also on the Committee, Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, who is also utterly without excuse. The Committee appear to have carefully criticised and weighed every word and every syllable of their report, so that while it should not give any countenance to the anti-slavery movement, it should serve to lull the feeling of opposition rising in the land against the Tract Society, and at the same time give no real offence to the slaveholders and slave-breeders of the South.

The American Tract Society receives annually upwards of $400,000 to carry on its operations, though it leaves four millions of slaves to perish, without a note of remonstrance. More than a thousand dollars a day are put into its treasury through the whole year, notwithstanding it has been so thoroughly unmasked, and shown to be cowardly and unprincipled. And this is American religion!

Mr. President, I intended simply to present to this audience the religious bearings of this question. In the course of our meetings, we shall have a great deal more to say on this subject. In conclusion, let me say, I am for a religion which emancipates man from all bondage, both within and without. I am for a religion which holds to the sanctity of marriage throughout the world. I am for giving the Bible to every human being on the face of the earth, to be made use of, as far as possible, to promote his own highest and everlasting interests. I am for a church which has no stain of blood upon its garments. I am for a Christ whose every testimony is to the value of man as a child of God, and whose mission it is to overthrow all the works of the devil, to emancipate those who are in bondage, and to set every captive free. I understand this to be the religion of the anti-slavery enterprise, and the religion of this Convention; but a religion unfashionable, proscribed and outlawed even to this day, while that which is falsely called the Christian religion bears sway everywhere, and the consequence of that sway is the enslavement of every seventh person in our land, to be owned, and bought, and sold, and treated as a beast of burden! Let that religion be accursed, and the religion of freedom prevail! (Loud applause!)

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LIBERTY AND SLAVERY IN AMERICA.

A DISCOURSE,

BY

REV. FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM,

At Portland, Maine, on Fast Day, April 16th, 1857.

Our Governor, in a proclamation which does him honour as a Christian ruler, calls upon us to honour the example of our Forefathers and to seek "the good which may be derived from consecrating a secular day to meditation and the humbling ourselves together before the Lord," by observing this day as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer. The need of Humiliation, public and private, of Fasting in the old prophetic sense, of Prayer far more earnest, deep and vital than is common among us, I certainly shall be the last to question. For, to use an old expression, but which is not altogether true, "we have fallen upon evil days"; "judgment is turned away backward and justice standeth afar off; truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter." We live in the days when men "decree unrighteous decrees," and "write grievousness which they have prescribed, to turn aside the needy for judgment, and to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless." We live to feel a new and dreadful illustration of Jeremiah's mournful words: "Oh that mine head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people. Oh that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men, that I might leave my people and go from them! for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men. And they bend their tongues, like their bow, for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil, and they know not me, saith the Lord. Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant"; "they have taught their tongue to speak lies and weary themselves to commit iniquity." And still see we God's words, as uttered by Isaiah's hallowed lips, illustrated anew: "Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinances of their God; they ask of me the ordinance of justice; they take delight in approaching to God." The mournful strains of those great prophetic souls but too truly paint the audacious front of sin that defies God among us to-day—defies him all the worse because pretending a holy zeal for the honour of His law. We have, indeed, reason for Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

Of the various subjects fitting to this occasion, I have accepted one whose claim was too imperious to be resisted. I do not say "selected," for it was hardly a matter of choice. On this day of national humiliation, the thought uppermost is that of national sin; and of national sins there is one of so appalling prominence that it would be a mere affectation to turn from it. I urged on you, last Sunday, an honest service this day. Let me not cast a shade over that recommendation by avoiding that theme which ought in all our souls to be a whip of shame and a spur to repentance, a subject deserving the devoutest consideration, whether on Sunday or on Fast day, in the church of God or the place of private prayer, in the statesman's cabinet or the merchant's office, in the secret soul of every man who respects himself, loves his race, or reveres his God.

I ask your attention, therefore, to some thoughts on the Significance of the Struggle between Liberty and Slavery in America.

My text is the demand made by the Athenian sophists of Paul:

"*We would know what these things mean*" (Acts xvii.: 20).

The significance of this struggle is very little understood, or, if understood, men are largely treacherous to their highest convictions. The former view is to be preferred as more charitable, and therefore more likely to be correct. Did men see it in its true colours, they would not dare proscribe utterance concerning it. The man who should attempt this would be overwhelmed by an indignant public opinion such as would meet him if he dared to advocate lying, robbery, murder or arson. So far from being kept out of the pulpit, excluded from Sunday, severed from religion, it would be the subject of special preaching and special prayer. Men would take up, in regard to it, Daniel Webster's memorable words uttered on the Rock of Plymouth, and repeat them as part of his charge to every teacher of religion. No longer regarded as a mere football kicked between two great political parties, it would become a weighty portion of every man's, woman's and child's religion. It would blend in each day's prayer. It would form a part of each man's earnest daily thought. Every loving mother would teach her children to revere the name of Liberty, and every father would swear his son at the altar as a foe to Slavery, even as Hamilcar swore the boy Hannibal as a foe to Rome.

How different from this the fact; it needs no telling. Liberty no longer holds the high place in men's affections that she once occupied. Slavery is no longer, even in the eyes of New England men, an intolerable curse. The thought of it does not stir men to indignation. Opposition to it does not excite universal sympathy even in New England, that boasts herself to be free and is so free. The anti-slavery gatherings are small and feeble in numbers and in purse. The name of Abolitionist, though it be to abolish the foulest wrong that ever stained the earth, is a term of opprobrium and of reproach.

Let me first trace the course of events which has led to this result. It will set forth in a clearer right the significance of the great struggle.

The good angel and the evil angel of America appeared at about the same time. It was in 1620 that Plymouth gave its stern welcome to 101 souls, as sturdy, brave and firm as its own famous rock. Strong of heart were they, *men of religion*, filled with an awful trust in God and an indomitable love of Liberty. These were the Fathers of New England, men of one idea, or at most two, but that idea great enough to be the life of a world, as it has been of New England ever since, and has made her what we are all proud to know she is.

In August, 1619, little more than a year before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the unconscious waters of Chesapeake Bay bore and gave their sunny welcome to a sadder freight than that which Plymouth Bay received. A dark slave-ship sailed up to Jamestown, with its dusky freight of 20 human souls, stolen from Africa. They came to a colony which, broken down at home, had sought America to retrieve its fortunes. Lazy and shiftless, they hailed the coming of their dark-skinned brethren, but with no brother's welcome; no sympathy for the woes of those broken-hearted men; but work, work, work, in a service harder than that of the children of Israel of old under the taskmasters of Egypt.

Here are the two ideas, Liberty and Slavery—planted at about the same time, in the virgin soil of the new continent; the one in the North, the other in the South. They are deadly foes. Which shall conquer?

A third idea, common to North and South, forms a bond of union and an important element in the struggle—the idea of Property.

Liberty and Slavery—which shall conquer?

At the first they did not seem opposed. The moral vision of Christendom was not then educated to perceiving their eternal opposition. Even the early descendants of the Pilgrims saw it not. For, although they were Bible men, they held fast by the letter, which killeth. They saw there that, ages ago, slaves were held in Israel; that men, provided they did not belong to the race of God's chosen children, might be held in slavery. They did not, except dimly, perceive the *spirit* of the Bible, which uproots slavery forever. That don't come all at once to anybody. The letter was enough for them. The negroes being heathen and found convenient, slavery spread all over New England and existed in all the Colonies. But the spirit of liberty opposed it for all that. In spite of their literalism, which fettered there minds, those great souls had a true vision into the mysteries of the Gospel, which freed their action. Though slavery existed in New England, it was a far different thing from slavery in the Middle and Southern Colonies. Slaves were bought and sold, indeed, but their condition was rather that of indented servants than of chattels personal. They were to have "all the liberties and Christian usages which the law of God, established in Israel, requires." That these were, on the whole, calculated to destroy slavery, every student of the Bible who has examined the question well knows.

Time passed on. The day of the great struggle for national independence began to dawn. The day of struggle for a higher independence had not begun to dawn. In the meantime, the climate and soil, the character of the people and the religion of the Northern Colonies silently, but steadily, pushed back slavery. The climate and soil, the character of the people and the irreligion of the Southern Colonies favoured its development. While Northern laws tended to amelioration and diminution of the evil, Southern laws tended to its extension and perpetuation. The English rule that slaves should follow the condition of the father was abolished, and that fatal rule adopted, parent of a large part of the existing slavery, that they should follow that of the mother. The recognised rule that slaves who had become Christians should be free was abolished, and it was decreed that Christians might be slaves. Answer enough this to the misstatement that England fastened slavery on this country.

The opposition between the principles *begins to appear* thus in their opposite tendencies. The struggle for national liberty began. The tendency of this was to develope the sentiment of liberty over all the land; in the Northern Colonies to strengthen the tendency towards liberty already existing, in the Southern to retard the progress of the opposite tendency. So strong and noble was the feeling that it found expression in that magnificent paper, certainly to be forever treasured by every American—yea, by every man that loves his brother-man—the Declaration of Independence; not a tissue of "glittering generalities," as it has been called by a New England man, but of fundamental truths, without which the nation must perish.

The great struggle ended. America became free. And now the struggle for the independence *of man* began to dawn. The two principles, which had flowed silently side by side for a century, now began to be found incompatible. The child, grown to majority, had now to take care of himself. Shall he follow his good angel, or shall the evil mislead him to his ruin?

The two Ideas came face to face, over against each other, in the debates on the Constitution. Northern delegates, and the noblest of the Southern, held out against Slavery. South Carolina and Georgia were firm as a rock in its behalf. The two parties seemed immovable. A great gulf was fixed between them. How could it be bridged over? The appeal to the instinct of Property in the Northern mind finally settled the question. Slavery was permitted to exist. The Slave Trade was left undisturbed for twenty years—for a commercial consideration! Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Hampshire were found voting for this last by the side of Georgia, the two Carolinas and Maryland! Delaware and Virginia ranged into line with Pennsylvania and New Jersey against it.

The evil deed was done. The sin openly committed when it might have been destroyed. The consequences were to come.

The enthusiasm and the memories of the Revolution did not perish at once. They still worked in the minds of many. Slavery was odious to the best and greatest minds. It will be only necessary to mention such names as Franklin, Madison, Patrick Henry, Jefferson and Washington as its foes. The love of Freedom was strong in the public mind. The celebrated Ordinance of 1787, passed in the same year as the present United States Constitution was adopted, was adopted by a unanimous vote. It excluded slavery from the then North-West Territory. Energetic measures were taken to procure emancipation. The result was that gradually Slavery was abolished or died out in the Northern States. Slavery was weak as yet, strong only in the obstinacy of its wicked will. But it lived still. Nourished by the foreign Slave Trade, it continued its vampyre growth. As the market for Southern staples increased, and cotton came into cultivation, slaves rose in value. The "property" must be protected. The Southern States demanded, in 1793, a law for the rendition of Fugitives. They obtained one, which contained the most odious provision of the Fugitive Slave act of 1850, struck down the constitutionally guaranteed right of trial by jury for every man charged with being a slave, and put it in the power of every magistrate base enough to be bribed or weak enough to be persuaded to send a freeman into slavery.

The tradition of Liberty still lived, though the love of it began to slacken under the influence of commercial prosperity and peace. The year fixed as the term at which the Slave Trade might be abolished, 1808, came, and the *foreign* Slave Trade was abolished, though not without a battle. The *internal* Slave Trade, however, remains to this day untouched—one of the most cruel and barbarous of all the creations of this abominable crime.

Here Liberty paused. She had done what she could, and looked now to a speedy decay on the part of Slavery. Her energies were suspended under this delusive hope. She had long looked forward to it, as men now look forward to non-extension, as the axe which should destroy slavery. She now expected to see Slavery droop and die. Slavery, however, now grown strong and consistent, could do without the foreign Slave Trade. Instead of dying, she brought a new State into the Union—Louisiana, purchased from France, with its new votes, its new influence, and a new principle which must be used indefinitely for the furtherance of the purposes of Slavery. Grown bolder by necessity and success, ten years after, in 1821, the Slave Power, over the back of Mr. Clay's fatal Compromise, brought Missouri into the confederation. Liberty, not yet dead, affrighted, arose and made a bold and desperate opposition. But she was no longer uppermost in the nation's heart. At the best she held a divided affection. Traditionally she was revered and worshipped, but, like Religion among us now, too good save for holidays and Sundays—not useful enough for every day wear. Consequently, before the black solid column of Slavery she was compelled to retire.

The two Ideas are now fairly face to face, the one strong in the strength of truth and right, the other strong in the flush of success and the pride of power and will. They recognise now that they are hostile. Slavery says "We will drive you to the wall, and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, and nail you down like base money." There is no mistaking that language.

Liberty does not return the taunt. Even were she able, she would not. But she is not able. She feels a creeping weakness in her frame. The Free States have now a divided affection. They are no longer hers with a single love. The instinct of Property, grown into a bad love of Gain, now divides the empire of the Northern heart with her. Slavery, on the other hand, is a unit. She is determined and resolute in extending her bounds and power. A danger appears on her Southern frontier. Texas becomes free from Mexico and adopts a free Constitution. This is not to be tolerated. A Free State on the Southern frontier is dangerous to Slavery. And so Texas must be annexed as a Slave State. In face of fierce Northern opposition, which strangely cooled under an appeal to Northern cupidity, Texas was annexed, and, of all the days in the year, on the 22d of December, 1845! Was this coincidence accidental? Was there not a deep significance in it? Was it not the rubbing out from American politics of the great Idea fixed in it on that memorable 22d December a century and a quarter before. Liberty now is conquered.

From this point the descent is swift and fearful. Slavery became the controlling element in American politics. Restless and insatiate, it soon led the country into the meanest, most cowardly and wicked of wars—the war with Mexico. The defection of Northern men became appalling. "My country, however bounded," "My country, right or wrong," as if there was no Righteousness, no Religion, no God in the universe, became applauded sentiments. The newspapers teemed with them. The war ended. A battle took place over the new territory robbed from Mexico. It was long, and fierce, and *deadly*. A Compromise settled it. Slavery triumphed again, and this time at an awful cost to New England. For now Northern degradation was complete. The great man of New England, the idol of New England idolatry, the hope and pride of every New England man, snatched from his head the laurels of a long life, that he might bow that honoured crown to the hateful yoke. I know no one sadder event in American history; none that seems to demand so profound a sorrow. To see a great *man fall*—and such a fall!—is a sight to make angels weep. The heart of New England groaned with an unspeakable sorrow. Under the shadow of that great affliction her soul sat dumb. She scarcely noticed how many of her prominent men hastened, in the new light gained by the removal of that colossal form, to conquer the prejudices in favour of Liberty which they had sucked in from their mothers' bosoms. She had no heart now to welcome back the great fallen one. She could not understand the new injunctions that he laid upon her. She could not understand, though *he* said it, that there was no Higher Law, that her religious convictions must be silenced, that the traditions of the Pilgrim Fathers were all an empty sound. And the speedy revelations made her by Southern man-stealers in her own streets, a Court-house in chains, men carried off without a jury trial to a bondage worse than death, were not the best of commentaries to help her weak understanding. She mourned with a bitter sorrow—I trust that godly sorrow which worketh repentance not to be repented of. Those dreary, dreary days! As I look back on them now, in the freer air of this time, I wonder how we breathed then at all.

But though Liberty was thus trodden under foot, she still lived. She forsook the temples where her *form* was worshipped, but herself defamed, to take up her abode, not in a manger, but in an equally obscure place, a city cellar. Like her dear Lord and friend, the Christ, whose presence always brings Liberty, she deserted not the ungrateful men who crucified her, but took on her the form of a servant, that even thus she might bless mankind. In 1831 her voice was heard, from that humble chamber, in tones that went straight to the heart of Slavery, "I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not excuse—I will not retreat a single inch—and *I will be heard*." In that cellar, in a man so obscure that the Mayor of Boston had difficulty in finding him out—the guilty heart of Slavery, however, felt the thrill of his first tones—the freedom of a race began. The Declaration of Independence, indeed, was given forth—and *that* Declaration was that *Slavery must die*. That humble man filled the Slave Power with alarm. It knew instinctively that the beginning of the end was come. How is it that politicians, instead of wearying themselves and everybody else with their theories of non-extension, do not take a hint from this fact? The Slave Power set a price of $5,000 on his head. But he went on, gathered a few, perhaps eleven, I know not, faithful souls, who proclaimed boldly, in spite of coldness and abuse, of threats and mobs, the Gospel of Universal Freedom. He proved himself a prophet by the ancient approved tests of prophecy, the purity of his life and the fulfilment of his predictions. He was a humble man, unknown, a man of one idea, but that idea large enough to regenerate a nation. He appealed not to political parties—they were corrupt; no longer to the Churches—they frowned on Liberty; not to force—that is an unchristian way of advancing Truth, or rather it is no way—but to the conscience of the nation and to that alone.

> Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
> See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
> To win a world; see the obedient sphere
> By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!
>
> O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
> In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
> What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
> Through which the splendours of the New Day burst!
>
> What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
> Front *Rome's* far reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
> Brave Luther answered Yes; that thunder's swell
> Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.
>
> Whatever can be known of earth we know,
> Sneered Europe's wise men, in their snail shells curled;
> No, said one man in Genoa, and that *No*
> Out of the dark created this New World.

And so it was here. That brave conscience, sowing itself on soil fertile with Pilgrim life, brought forth fruit. It was the leaven that leavened the whole lump of New England. It did not work alone. Leaven never does. God worked with it. The stream of events confirmed again, again, and yet again, that man's most daring prophecy. Yet he continued despised and rejected, a man of sorrows indeed, as every true Reformer is, and is despised and rejected still. The prophet has no honour in his own country now, any more than in the days of Christ. But there is honour in store for him. When the war of Independence now raging shall end in victory, and the nation settle from the strife, and men shall reverently recall the memory of the noble souls who led the van of battle, the name of Garrison shall hold the foremost and brightest place.

But to return. The political and moral corruption consequent on the Fugitive Slave Bill soon permitted new assaults on Liberty. The repeal of the Missouri Compromise, that unnameable breach of plighted faith, stunned the Northern States. It opened a new view of Slavery, but that they might have seen before had they but felt disposed. The events which have succeeded that with astounding rapidity—the Ostend Manifesto, the atrocities in Kansas, the assault on New England's noblest Senator, the designs on Cuba, the beginning of agitation for the revival of the foreign Slave Trade, once declared piracy, and, last, that monstrous decision of the United States Supreme Court, which has fallen on us like a thunderclap, and whose breadth and depth of wickedness we have as yet no idea of—are too familiar to us all to need more than mention here. They may well make us all pause, and exclaim, in the words of our text, "we would know what these things mean."

We have thus rapidly sketched the course of the great struggle between Liberty and Slavery in our country We have seen that the two Ideas came to America together—that then public opinion thought them compatible: this delusion gradually broke away and was dispelled in the great tumult of the Revolution; that, after that struggle, the sentiment of Liberty was universal and Slavery frowned upon; that gradually Slavery stole on its unguarded foe; came to a position of equality; and thence, by a rapid succession of bold steps, to the position of control. And there it stands to-day—the Congress, the Executive, the Army, the Navy, and, most powerful of all, the Judiciary in its hands. And yet, in all these seventy years, the Free States have grown in number and population, so that now they outnumber by one the Slave States, and vastly surpass them in population, in prosperity, wealth, mechanical ingenuity, and moral and religious character. But the love of Liberty has declined; and men sit quiet to-day under an enactment which, seventy years ago, would have set the country in an inextinguishable blaze from end to end. Nay, signs appear of preparation for a new compromise with that deceitful power which controls the land. Men talk still of limiting the extension of Slavery, in the face of a Supreme Court decree that knocks the ground from under their feet. Limit a monster grown to full age, whose babyhood was more than a match for their fervent young love of Liberty! Limit a monster who has proved himself a monster of iniquity! I am no politician, but I have common sense; and my common sense tells me it cannot be done. It is impracticable, were it not wrong. The Slave Power beats us vastly in cunning. It has the national power in its hands. It has no conscience. It can beat us at its weapons. But take the hint given by that one word from the obscure cellar in Boston. Throw yourselves on the Eternal Law of God. Brand the monster as a monster of iniquity, and you'll crumple him up like a piece of paper.

The aspect of this dreadful struggle is fearfully dark to-day. But there are signs of a coming dawn. The Almighty still lives. The devoted band who love God and man so well that they never can consent that God's child or man's brother shall ever be a slave, grows slowly, preparing for a great and glorious future. The struggle now is in reality a struggle between this little band and the powers of Slavery. I know very few of you believe this, but it is true, and time will prove it. I am content to wait. But I am not content that they who come within the range of my voice, and whose well-being is very near my heart, should neglect this great salvation. It has, my friends, a profound significance for us, will we but open our eyes to behold and stretch our hand to grasp it.

Let me now speak of its significance. I must be brief.

1. This struggle is significant, as it offers to us every one a glorious opportunity and a noble means of developing the highest manly and womanly character. It is a stern discipline, this discipline of Anti-Slavery. It puts all sorts of shams to a terribly severe test. Look at it yourselves a moment with the eye of your common sense and you shall see at once. What exercise of faith so strong as that which shall lead us to take up a cause against such fearful odds as oppose us here? What better school of patience than to work on, year after year, amid misunderstanding, misrepresentation, coldness, desertion, trying, with but small success, to help those who are unwilling to be convinced? What school of love to God and man so valuable as that which shall teach you, or give you abundant occasion for, its meekest and most self-consuming exercise? What trial of honesty and of love of truth nobler than that which puts you forever on the hunt for the truth, which casts you on that as your chief foundation, and makes you strong in that alone? What training of courage so fair as that which compels you to utter convictions opposed to the current opinions, and which shall bring on yourselves notice, perhaps odium? What culture of the finest humanities so beautiful as that which leads you to regard every human being as a child of God, no matter how degraded, how desolate, how forlorn? What development of the moral sense within you sublimer than that which plants you on the Eternal Rock of Justice, Righteousness and the High Law of God, demanding that these be administered faithfully to men, women and little ones whom you know only through report? What proof and trial of self-sacrifice more holy, and more dear to the heart of God, than the taking up the cause of them whom men look down upon as unworthy of regard? We glory in the old heroic days of knighthood and chivalry. But what made them so glorious? The shining armour, the gleaming gold, the flaunting banner, or the trumpet ringing in the breeze? Was it the splendour of developed manhood imparting some of its own fire and spirit to the brave creature which bore it, making both nobler? I think not. These men take delight in, but they touch not the heart. It is what the heart embalms that lives. Oh, none of these. It was, that knightly valour deemed itself honoured in being the champion of the oppressed; in being that which God here gives us the opportunity of becoming.

But it shall help you not by discipline alone. It shall help you by giving a clearer vision. Truth is bread to the soul. This cause of Liberty bravely taken up shall open your eyes. You shall see wondrously the difference of things. Shams shall be marvellously exposed. It shall help you to the perception of the noblest self-sacrifice now working unobserved, save by the unobtrusive eye of God. You shall be amazed, your heart shall bound with joy to behold the grandeur and the humbleness of the chivalry of our country and age—a chivalry which most men see not at all—a chivalry hidden behind dark skins and under the humble garments of many a brave but all unnoticed man and woman. I do not hesitate to refer you to the records of the Anti-Slavery struggle and to the ranks of the despised and persecuted opponents of Slavery for examples of heroism which shall make your eyes dim with delight, if you have the heart to recognise them, and for men and women equalled by no other class in society for their combination of high qualities; men and women of a love stronger than death, of an honesty that you can trust with untold gold, of a womanly tenderness of feeling, of a faith in God that will trust Him though He slay. You call them narrow, as if that were worse than to be untrue. Narrow perhaps they are; but it is the narrowness not of ideas or of heart, but of compression by a pressure from without which has made them firm and solid as cannon-balls. As I think on them all, and on the mighty agency which this great struggle has exerted on them in making them men and women indeed, I feel profoundly that we are unworthy to take up this glorious cause. To take it up with all our feeble might would make us men and women; would baptize us anew into the spirit of our great forefathers. Far from thinking it a condescension on our part, we should thank God for the great privilege and boon of being permitted to take up a work so ennobling.

This, friends, I think, is the great significance of this struggle for Liberty. It makes a nobler race of men and women—men and women indeed and in earnest. Such earnest natures are the fiery pith, the compact nucleus, round which systems grow; mass after mass becomes inspired therewith, and whirls impregnate with the central glow.

2. It is a struggle in which the mightiest interests are involved. Men tell you that it is merely a political affair. But, if they are honest in saying so, they do not know what they are saying. It is, indeed, a political affair of the most serious importance; involving the very existence of the Republic. In fact, a Republic exists no longer except in some of our State Governments. Our National Government is an odious Oligarchy. But this is more than a political matter. Have we not seen that in the early history of our country the English rule that children should follow the condition of the *father* was abolished, and the rule adopted that they should follow that of the mother—a rule whose disastrous effects on the *morals* of the country no language can portray—which has produced that very amalgamation that men adduce as an unanswerable argument against abolition? So far as it has force, it is in favour of abolition: for slavery is its most fruitful cause. Have we not seen that, in defiance of European sentiment, it was early decreed that *Christians* might be slaves? Christ's disciples bought and sold, married and divorced, re-married and re-divorced, treated as cattle! Oh, God! the thought is too horrible. Our holy religion thus trampled under foot. Do we not all know that, in defiance of plighted troth, a solemn contract was trampled under foot after the consideration had been received? Truth thus trodden on. And surely the remembrance of violence in the halls of legislation, of unparalleled barbarities in Kansas, of the brazen usurpation in the Supreme Court of the United States, is fresh enough in all our memories to tell us that peace, courtesy, humanity, justice are all at stake. And do we not all know that slavery itself is the "sum of all villanies," a colossal injustice, as my brother of this city well said, on last 4th of July, "robbery its father and its mother a lie." Oh! friends, this is no temporary or superficial matter. It is one which concerns all that is and ought to be dear and sacred to our hearts, all that is cherished by man everywhere. It touches very nearly our manhood and womanhood, those sacred affections which are the essence and charm of our homes, that sacred relation of marriage whose purity is essential to the well-being of any nation, those eternal principles of Righteousness and Justice, Honour and Truth which are the very foundation of society. And, last and deepest of all, that Religion which is the very life of every soul. The conflict is not a strife of politics alone, but a struggle of Religion and Irreligion, of Order with Disorder, of Self-sacrifice with Selfishness, of Civilization with Barbarism, of Right with Wrong, of God with Satan.

3. And lastly, indications show that it is the final struggle between Liberty and Slavery. Slavery has disappeared from Europe. The European nations, except Spain, have freed their slaves abroad. In Russia it is very different from ours and approaching gradually freedom. Slavery now awaits only America's decision to disappear from the earth, and for the emancipated nations to chant one great triumph completed in the struggle of Christianity with sin. The world shall then have taken one step Godward. It is the mightiest struggle the world has ever seen. It differs from all others in being within ourselves. It is not at a distance, as West India emancipation war. It is the casting out of the demon which shall tear our own body. It is like the struggle between a man and his own deepest sin. That cast out, it is cast out forever. The conflict hastens to its decision. On the one side the black Goliath of Slavery comes forward from the midst of the Philistine host of all the tyrannies, despotism, slaveries, wickednesses of the earth. He is bold and confident. He defies the armies of Israel. The young David of Liberty, the youngest son of his father, whom his brothers will not believe in, strong, not in his political armour, but simply "in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel," stands in the midst of the affrighted men of Israel, the hopes, the prayers, the oppressed, the good, the free of mankind, who fear that his littleness cannot stand the mighty shock. The lists are clearing. All other combats cease to have interest. Tariffs, Banks, Sub-treasuries, Free Trade, all retire from the field. The expectant nations of the earth pause awhile and gather around and watch the conflict. The oppressor and the oppressed, the tyrant and the serf, the aristocrat and the democrat, the well-fed and the hungry look on with eager eyes—eyes sharply watching the signs of the coming day of decision. Never before was there such a struggle. Never before hung hopes so vast and so various, so mighty and so deep upon a single issue. The eyes of mankind are fixed upon it; the fate of mankind for long ages to come is suspended there. If the giant fall, a jubilee for all the oppressed is near, such as earth ne'er saw nor dreamed before. If David fall, the progress of mankind is turned backward, the lessons of history are unlearned, and the human race for centuries to come must wander in darkness, and wade through seas of blood to regain the point where now it stands. That decision-hour may be very near. Men and women, are you prepared to meet it?

Such, my friends, is some of the significations of this momentous struggle. It is now the centre of the world's gaze. It is, of all earthly questions, beyond all doubt the chief. God's new Messiah, in very deed, it offers to every one of us an opportunity for growth in manly and womanly life such as the age of chivalry never dreamed of. Reaching, as it does, away down to the very manhood of man, it includes within its great embrace everything which distinguishes man from the brute and from matter, intellect, government, morality, religion, all the possibilities of man's future life. The great question is working itself out of the long struggle of ages, to be settled on its own merits. Now freed from all extraneous questions that distracted men's attention by their appeal to personal and selfish feeling, Liberty and Slavery, naked now, approach each other in final conflict. Liberty or Slavery, which will you have? Humanity hangs breathless on the answer.

In the presence of this great emergency, is not this a time for humiliation, fasting and prayer? Humiliation, that we have all been so blind to God's handwriting on the wall, so deaf to God's high summons, so careless of His grand opportunity? Fasting, not by abstaining from material food, but by penitence and sorrow, by high resolution and an earnest purpose of a nobler life? Prayer, that we may have strength and grace given us to achieve a life whose end shall be the breaking every yoke, whether physical, mental, moral or spiritual? Prayer, that our country, in this great hour of her trial, may be true to the memories of the Pilgrim Fathers, true to the great idea from which she was born and on which she grew up, true to the interests of down-trodden and oppressed humanity everywhere, true to the mighty opportunity and gigantic trusts given into her charge by the God of nations.

COMPLAINT, CORRECTION AND REJOINDER.

Unfortunately, Dr. Thompson's letter, inserted in last week's Standard, came too late to be accompanied by comments in the same paper. We repeat it here for the purpose of reply.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: In your issue of May 30th you speak of me as "a person professionally accustomed to use ambiguous language with the purpose of deceiving"; and then proceed, with due "precaution," to analyze what you assume to be an article from my pen in *The Independent*. As I did not write one word of the article in question, or read it till I saw it in print, I cannot appropriate the flattering terms which you are pleased to apply to me in the succeeding column.

Your waste of rhetoric illustrates the *folly* and the *meanness* (I trust these words are not "ambiguous") of attempting to fasten upon a private individual the language of a newspaper, which, like your own, is edited anonymously. I hold myself responsible for whatever sentiments I have uttered on the subject of slavery, in the pulpit, on the platform, or through the press. But the attempt to traduce me, or any other person, for the utterances of an impersonal journal, is an injustice to which no fair-minded editor would ever descend. (I hope again that my words are not "ambiguous.")

Your blunder, however, amuses me; especially the crowning ignorance of supposing that a true Congregationalist recognises any "organization" whatever among men as "*the* Church of Christ," or allows himself to speak of any organic body as "*the* Evangelical *Church*." My regard for Christian liberty and the liberty of the Churches leads me to a more exact and Scriptural use of terms, especially when I speak "professionally."

Very respectfully yours,

Joseph P. Thompson.

Grateful, always, for *friendly* criticism, The Standard is glad to avail itself of *fair* criticism, from whatever source; we shall now proceed to profit by Dr. Thompson's letter, first premising that we as little supposed, as said, that *all* his words were ambiguous, or that he could not speak with great directness when such a course answered his purpose.

Though the meaning of the concluding sentence in our article—"The Tract Society and *The Independent*" (Standard, May 30)—was obvious enough, the terms of it were sufficiently inaccurate to afford, to one who desired it, the opportunity of charging us with "ignorance." Since, however, we wish to have the language of our articles always as correct as their meaning, we will beg leave to modify the paragraph in question, as follows:

"That a man so sagacious in worldly wisdom as the editor of *The Independent* should decide that his present interests lie, even more than heretofore, in the policy of temporizing and compromising with slavery, corroborates our impression of the hopelessly corrupt state of that group of organizations (in one of which he is a prominent leader) which absurdly call themselves, *par excellence*, "Evangelical," and impiously claim the further designation of churches of Christ."

Thus is one of our blunders disposed of. The other is the imputation to Dr. Thompson of the authorship of an article which appeared editorially in *The Independent*. He denies the authorship, and we retract the imputation, with such apology for our inadvertence as the occasion requires.

But when Dr. Thompson proceeds to declare himself "traduced" by this imputation, he goes too far, and makes a blunder at least as great as our own, since the spirit and character of this article agree precisely with the report of his own words at the meeting of the Tract Society, as we find them reported in *The Independent*.

Our comments were based upon four articles in that paper, from each of which, if we remember rightly, some expressions were quoted; namely, the Report above mentioned, entitled "Annual Business Meeting of the Tract Society," an editorial article in the same number, entitled "Meeting of the Tract Society," and two editorials in the succeeding number, entitled, respectively, "Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D.," and "Position of the American Tract Society." It is the authorship of the one last named that we understand Dr. Thompson to disclaim. He may have written the others or he may not; but in neither case have we "traduced" him, since the three articles agree exactly in spirit with the language and action ascribed to Dr. Thompson at the business meeting of the Tract Society in the Report.

There is an old and true saying that "A man who tells one lie will tell a hundred." But it is no less true that a man who would be burnt at the stake sooner than tell one kind of lie, will promptly tell one of another kind, on what seems very small temptation. It is a matter of habit, business, profession.

If anybody asks anybody else who is editor of *The Independent*, the reply will be—Dr. Joseph P. Thompson. That is a perfectly well understood thing, among the friends of the paper. *Somebody* exercises an amount of care and control over its columns sufficient to prevent the introduction of any matter which would mar the orthodox unity of the paper. A great many articles are written in this city in support of Unitarianism, Universalism, Romanism, but none of them, by any accident, ever get into *The Independent*. This is not chance; *somebody* has the requisite authority and takes the requisite care to settle all matters of this sort in conformity with the plan and purpose of the paper; and that somebody is understood to be Dr. Thompson. But when, upon a very important subject, there appear, week after week, in the editorial columns of *The Independent*, some statements ambiguous, and not only liable, but likely, to be taken in the wrong sense, and other statements unambiguously false, and Dr. Thompson is called to account for it (as he certainly would be if the paper were thought to be sliding over to Universalism or Unitarianism), he takes umbrage, calls himself a private individual, and falls back upon his character, as Pat Coxe does in one of Miss Edgeworth's "Comic Dramas."

"*Pat.*—To make matters sure, I tould her, and swore to her, there was not a McBride in the town but two, and there's twinty, more or less.

O'Blaney.—And when she sees them twinty, more or less, what will she think? Why would you say that? She might find you out in a lie next minute, Mr. Overdo! 'Tis dangerous for a young man to be telling more lies than is absolutely requisite. The *lie superfluous* brings many an honest man, and what's more, many a cliver fellow, into a scrape—and that's your great fault, Pat.

"*Pat.*—Which, sir?

"*O'Blaney.*—*That*, sir. I don't see you often now take a glass too much. But, Pat, I hear you often still are too apt to indulge in a lie too much.

"*Pat.*—Lie! Is it I? Whin upon my conscience, I niver to my knowledge tould a lie in my life since I was born, except it would be just to skreen a man, which is charity, sure—or to skreen meself, which is self-defence, sure—and that's lawful; or to oblige your honour, by particular desire, and *that* can't be helped, I suppose."

The weak point with editors of "religious newspapers" is the glory of God and the credit of the Church (for these two they assume to be one), and when this point is in question they *will* l

communion, we endorse the *public* standing and character of those we commune with. If not, why not commune in *private?* Why put people to the trouble of riding so many miles to perform this act? If any man complain of the rigour of this doctrine, let him remember that it is no small and easy thing to be a Christian. The Great Founder of our religion says, "If any man will follow me, let him take up his cross daily and follow me." God has made every man "the keeper of his brother." Long ago, it was said, by the Supreme Authority, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour and not suffer sin upon him," clearly implying, that if we do not rebuke an offender, his sin will be reckoned to our account. At the original institution of the Lord's Supper, had the real character of Judas been known to the Apostles, they would have been as bad as he, had they given him the right hand of fellowship. For communion, in its social aspect, is an *endorsement* of the public character of each by all and all by each. But Judas, although really a thief, filled the office of Treasurer to the unsuspecting Apostles, and when the Master said, "Verily I say unto you, that one of you will betray me," they each said, "Lord, is it I?"

It must be obvious, therefore, to all who understand the genius of Presbyterian Church polity, then when Mr. Giddings sits down at the communion-table with Dr. Ross, he endorses the man with his baptized Atheism. If I have not given the true idea of communion, then the whole thing is a farce unworthy of the observance of sensible people. It is a mummery and a superstition.

Perhaps I am doing an injustice to Mr. Giddings. Perhaps he has withdrawn from a slaveholding Church. If so, he owes it to himself, to the world and the sacred cause of religion and liberty, to let the fact be known. He is recognised all over the country as a New School Presbyterian Elder. As such he has been a member of the General Assembly. I live not far from Mr. Giddings, have the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with him, and have cooperated with him in politics for years. If he has cut his guilty connection with Dr. Ross and a slaveholding Church, let it be published all over the land. Let steam and the winds carry the news to England, Scotland and Ireland, that the Christian religion may no longer be scandalized by seeing him sitting down at the communion-table with such deeply-dyed criminals as this man Ross and his abettors. For who would not infinitely prefer the religion of Thomas Paine, theoretical and practical, to that of Dr. Ross?

Mr. Giddings cannot be relieved from the pressure of this unitary idea in Presbyterianism by resorting to Congregationalism. In that event he loses the strength of the Presbyterian polity and its ability to marshal its forces, and is as badly off as ever. For, if I understand it, Dr. Cheever and Nehemiah Adams, the one serving the true God and the other the God-Hunker, both come together around the same communion-table. The antagonism in this case is as great as that between Dr. Ross and Mr. Giddings. Indeed I like Ross's God better than Adam's. For the God Hunker is a *mean* God. He is lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot. He has no positive attitude. He is not fiery, energetic and flat-footed like Ross's God. The comparison between the two is as "Hyperion to Satyr."

No man admires the character of Mr. Giddings and Dr Cheever more than I do. But in the same proportion that their characters are excelled do they give strength to the accursed system of slavery by holding church fellowship with such men as Ross and Adams. The noble words and deeds of Giddings in Congress, and the scathing rebukes of Cheever in the pulpit, all pass for nothing, if they, by holding *communion* with the crime and criminals, *endorse both.* Dr. Ross, is, I perceive, a commissioner to the General Assembly which is soon to meet in Cleveland. Mr Giddings may also be there, as in times past, in his character of Ruling Elder. If, as is usual, the communion-table is spread, what a scene will be enacted! The cup of the Lord and the cup of devils? God and Baal! Christianity and Heathenism! Infidelity steeped to its icy heart in despotism, and the benign, heavenly religion of Jesus Christ!

You will oblige me by sending a copy of THE STANDARD containing this letter to Mr. Giddings, so that he may have an opportunity of explaining his present status in the Church and relieve the minds of his many friends who desire knowledge on this point.

In the cause of a pure Christianity, I remain yours,

New Castle, Pa., May 9, 1857. B.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

BOSTON, June 4, 1857.

MESSRS. EDITORS: It is so long since you saw my handwriting, that I am afraid you will not know it, but will declare me outlawed at once. Yet, I feel an earnest desire to employ what the typhus fever, Kansas and the Dred Scott decision have left of me in your behalf, nor does a natural dread of the before-mentioned contingency interfere with my determination not to allow Mr. *Mutter* Byles to monopolize the whole of Anniversary Week. Not but he writes a very good letter, but he is somewhat old-fashioned and bigotted, not likely to do justice to a matter so modern and inspiring as the Park Street Anti-Slavery Meeting.

Now, perhaps you can tell me, in advance, why that meeting has attracted so little of the attention of the press, both religious and secular. Is it because they stand in a certain awe of the Congregational Churches, with which the very truth of God himself does not inspire them? We shall see.

On going out of the Melodeon, on the morning of Thursday, May 28th, I saw a written notice, posted in the lobby, that a *Christian* Anti-Slavery Meeting would be held that afternoon, at Park Street Church. I did not stop to examine the notice, but my indignation was roused at seeing myself so coolly set down among the "infidels," and, pondering upon the doubly emphasized adjective, I went my way, in search of what the decorous reporter in the *Traveller* calls "physical fuel." Having satisfied my wants, I was dutifully returning to the scene of my first anti-slavery love, full of a speech which I meant to deliver in the course of the afternoon upon the significance of that word Christian, when I encountered a gray-haired sister, whom I should have supposed, from her known excellencies of character, to be altogether beyond a delinquency. "Don't you want to hear Dr. Cheever?" said she. "Yes," I answered, "but nature gave out last night and I lost the opportunity." "But he is going to speak this afternoon," she continued, looking as if she knew she had touched Achilles in the heel. "Come with me, it is a strange place and I don't like to go alone." I gave a moment's thought to my unspoken speech, and turned to go with my friend. I forbear to enlarge on this heroic act—real disinterestedness is rare—and I fear you could not appreciate it!

We followed the stream to Park street Church. We were not a moment too soon. Gallery and floor were thronged. By dint of quiet perseverance, I pushed my way along to a seat near the pulpit, where I felt sure my friend could see and here. The living stream closed in behind us, and the lofty, finely ventilated building seemed to grow hot and close. "When," thought I, as I looked round me, "shall we have such an audience. Never till Toombs calls his roll at the foot of Bunker's Hill, and perhaps not then; for, when we have converted all the clergy, their audiences will have no need of the Melodeon! And this is all because of the word Christian, as if that were not the most stupid tautology."

Out of the midst of the sixteen Congregational minister who decorated the steps and hand-rail of the pulpit rose Mr. Dexter, of Pike street, punctual to the hour.

He said that this meeting was the immediate result of a talk among a few, that it had been called a "*Christian*" meeting not to hurt us poor infidels of the Melodeon, but because they had not wished it to be called a *Congregational* meeting, and to show that it was not, had summoned the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng to their platform.

After the opening prayer, Mr. Dexter introduced Professor Stowe, who began by saying that he was sorry he was not his brother-in-law. But I was not. I was glad to hear the earnest, manly words of Harriet Beecher's husband. He occupied but little time, and it was ably used.

It was of the nature of slavery that he chose to speak In eighteen years of personal contact with it, he had done his best to see its bright side. All his personal interests and private hopes hung on that thread; but, after all, he had been constrained to confess that not the most degrading despotism of the Old World offered anything so contemptible as the mildest form of slavery in this country. And every compromise with this terrible wrong gave new strength to the evil, for in compromises the truth always loses itself—it cannot be tampered with—while the wrong gains a specious strength. He was reminded by such compromises of the struggle he had often witnessed, in his boyish fishing days, between the snake and the frog, the snake holding fast and still when the poor victim struggled, but taking advantage of the first respite which its weariness afforded to gain an inch of hold and complete its disgusting work, till all that could be seen of the victim was the gorged throat of the serpent. He did not spare the clergy or the Church; he spoke with Garrisonian scorn of South-Side views. He looked into the history of the past, and reminded us how every nation that had taken the position of an oppressor had taken with it the first step towards its own destruction. How short our course had been, yet how degenerate! Our Apocalyptic Beast was slavery, more dangerous to this nation, a thousand-fold, than the power of the Roman Church; and the Beast's false prophets were the Scriptural defences of slavery; the mark of the Beast our cowardly compromise with this power of the pit. His statement was the more effective because it was so calm. You felt that it was no temporary outburst, but the abiding conviction of years, to which he gave utterance.

He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Stone, who uttered a burning protest against the assertion made very lately by Dr. Waterbury, that discussion on the subject of slavery was eating out the piety of the Church. We must peril our salvation, then if we dared protest against the darkest crime of our country! The heart of God was always to be found on the side of the oppressed; to be pious was to enter into sympathy with that heart; therefore, the more pious a man was, the more earnestly would he struggle in behalf of freedom. The true Christian was zealous of the honour of God, and would never commit Him to South-Side views, or find in His word a slave-dealer's warrant. The slave held up for sale at the South was said to be a good Christian, as men said he had good teeth, sound limbs, or quick wits. It enhanced his pecuniary value, and what was that but putting the Holy Ghost upon the block? Would the good Christian stand by and see it done?

In closing, he continued, "I always approach the judgments of God with awe, and it is only with bent head and hushed lips I would remind you how, when we met a year ago, every magnetic nerve throughout the land thrilled to the news that our beloved Senator was felled from his seat by the Slave Power, and the floor of our Senate was bathed in his blood. Where is now the hand that struck the blow? where is the gray-haired man for whom it was struck? The former is but dust and ashes; the latter lies cold to-day in his ancestral halls, awaiting burial; while their victim, with the glad hope of complete restoration before him, is receiving the highest honours of Europe."

We were next called to listen to the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, of Philadelphia, a man who began like a very ordinary speaker, and ended like a very remarkable one. He seemed quite young, and has already felt the cost of true speaking.

He began with an indignant outburst against those who travelled up and down the Scriptures to find a support for iniquity. What need of talking about a patriarchal institution? If it existed, it bore no semblance nor shadow of likeness to American slavery. Plain on God's universe, and God's word, was written the mandate, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." Did South-Side Adams say that the negroes were happy on their plantations, capable of dancing and singing still? He knew it all. God be praised that they had not been driven to madness instead. But that happiness was possible was the strongest condemnation of the system, to his mind. He spoke of the enormities of the system, with which I have no need to harrow up your soul; and he told how Bushrod Washington, with his kindred and friends, once came up to a court-house where a white neighbour was being tried for the murder of a slave, and, armed to the teeth, walked in gloomy silence round and round it till the man was acquitted. He spoke of the terrible licentiousness it sheltered—of the feminine chastity driven out of being—of the white wife and family in the drawing-room, and the coloured wife and family in the cellar or the slave-market. "Do you ask me what you shall do about it?" he continued wildly. "I do not know what you can do; but you can, at least, *testify;* bear witness, North and South; agitate—agitate! In that word lies the secret of moral as well as physical life." The wind that hurries the clouds through the air, the storm that heaps up the ocean, were not more necessary to one than the protest of all good men to the other. He pitied the deluded South; but the Archimedes of this reform must work from the North, the only point of support to his lever. The North, alas! where was it? Not in Boston, where armed men secured and sent back the property of the South; not in the country villages, through which the hunted fugitive was driven on to Canada. Let us make a North, the pure flashes of whose Aurora should lighten and bless the aching souls of the farthest South. He spoke of the omnipresence of the Slave Power, how it had made itself felt in Philadelphia, and driven him out of one church, only to give him another a thousand-fold stronger. God be praised for Christ and freedom. When freedom of speech was felt by and secured to every Christian man, then that axiom of our fathers, that every man was born free and equal, would be changed from a glittering generality, and float once more, like a banner, over the land.

And now, alas! my power fails. What shall I do with the torrent of invective that, dashing madly along the rapids of a rich and sensitive nature, lashed by the impious obstructions of the way and heaped tempest-high by the breath of popular injustice, now fell from pulpit to congregation, and so seemed the minister of God's avenging wrath, that those who went to applaud stood horror-struck and mute. I shall not attempt it, no human reporter can do justice to Dr. Cheever's words, nor any narrative power of mine convey a conception of the wiry energy of that tormented frame, yet a few things I must say.

He began by reading a passage from Graham's Colonial History, a work, he said, written in the very spirit of freedom, in which the nature of the Supreme Court was spoken of and the need that a republican government had of such a security. He spoke of the character of Judge Marshall; he quoted Judge Story, both in regard to that noble Chief Justice and in regard to the constitution of the Superior Court; then dashed into his subject by exclaiming, "When the Judges are corrupt, the nation has nothing for it but revolution! At the present moment no political power in the land is worth a straw."

Now, can you tell me of a single newspaper that has reported that speech, and can you tell me of one in the whole length of the land that would not have made haste to report it if it had been spoken by an "infidel and a traitor" on the boards of the Melodeon? I have not forgotten that, some years ago, Theodore Parker told us that the walls of that church would quake when a *strong man* trod its floor!

He continued, hurling the Bible, text after text, at the head of South-Siders, as if it were a pile of stones. He entered first into the question of race, claiming for every child the spiritual heirship of the Son of God, no matter whether it descended from one Adam or a thousand, for the child of the most imbruted slave as certainly as that of Edward Everett. He entered into the question of marriage and family, and showed how the institution set at nought every Gospel injunction on these subjects, and he claimed that a government which broke down and overrode all Divine institutions was a Union not worth the saving. He claimed that the work could be done only by the truth of God, that no political power could avail us anything, and the voice in which he echoed Dudley Tyng's cry of "agitate, agitate," had the true Melodeon ring. He ransacked sacred and profane literature for figures to sustain his account of the predominance in the land of the Slave Power. Every slaveholder was a man-stealer, every nation of slaveholders a nation of man-stealers, every unjust Judge is worse than a drunken pilot! Finally, "*God has a controversy with this nation.*" Such a decision as that of Judge Taney was a cancer in the body politic; and what remedy was proposed? Why, to let the cancer grow till the healthy flesh becomes the exception, to be eaten out by a caustic! Dr. Cheever did not forget that he and his brethren had been slow to see their duty.

He told them that the true way to show their repentance was to enter into this struggle as a Church—refusing to compromise. "If you do not do it," he rushed on to say, "you will be one consummate, consolidated, corporate Jonah, and"—with a long rhetorical pause—"I assure you God has somewhere in preparation the whale that is to swallow you. Never had a nation a fairer chance for the most heroic laurels!"

Now, I have several things to say about this meeting, which I have endeavoured fairly to report. During its continuance, Park street rung with cheers. It rocked like a *true* cradle of liberty, and, so far as I could judge, with genuine impulse and firm resolve. When Dr. Cheever spoke, the more noisy applause was checked, but it was only because men hung with such intense earnestness on his words, and because, when their boisterous cries rung through the church, he seemed half indignant at the interruption, and longed to rush, like the fiery flood he was, above, around and under them.

As an *utterance*, I was wholly satisfied with this meeting. The Melodeon never did better. Nothing is worse for a man [illegible] put his hand to the plough than to look back; it cut on his own misdeeds. Nothing is unkinder than to call him while striving to do right to-day that he did wrong yesterday; or that, if he did not, his brother did. Therefore let us hold no discussions of this sort with our Park street friends—*but* one thing we have a right to ask of them, that they shall act in noble accordance with their words. Let them look forward to the truth of God instead of backward upon the very winding-sheet of the Holy Ghost; but one thing they must do.

We, of the Melodeon, Mr. Editors, do not believe in excommunication and leave men to come to God each in his own way. The days, too, are gone by when a young poet would run the risk of being expelled from Park street because he rode through Beacon street with a stylish woman on Sunday.

But an adulterer, a murderer, an acknowledged thief, would surely be sent down from the pulpit or away from the table? Now, brothers Stowe, Stone, Tyng, Cheever, speak up frankly and tell us how these things shall be. Are you prepared to be true to your own words? An anxious people wait your answer. We have everything from you in words that we desire. What will you allow us to say of your deeds? When I left you the other evening, I felt bowed down by the weight of responsibility I saw resting on you. With the religious sympathies of the nation in the hollow of your hand, you can wring the prey from the spoiler, if you will. Are you equal to the hour?

Oh, men of might!
Be men of faith,
Far-eyed, deep-eyed and clear.

To but one thing further would I call your attention. No paper dared report that meeting truly. It was impossible to misbear or misconceive it, but the press dare not attack the Church, and this Church, at least, had come over to the infidel!

Oh! faithful workers in a despised cause, you had a right that day to rejoice. If the Melodeon was half empty, Park Street Church was full, and it was your doing.

As I sat there, I saw whence Garrison and Phillips, Foster and Pillsbury had stolen their thunder.

Brought up within the bounds of the tame Unitarian Church myself, I have seldom heard things called by their right names—but it was on the anvil of the Congregational Church that their bolts were forged, it was in her bosom that they learned to strike to the heart of sin.

God speed the right—and may Park Street, take care to be sped with it. C. H. D.

"SO THEY WRAP IT UP."

THE manner in which the Churches of the North, through their ecclesiastical relations, countenance the atrocious sin of slavery, is illustrated in the following passage from the *New York Observer's* report of the proceedings of the Old School Presbyterian General Assembly, lately in session at Lexington, Ky. The incident occurred on Saturday, May 23.

"VERMONT.—The Rev. F. Butler, presented the congratulations of the General Convention of Vermont, portraying the institutions and features of that State, and expressed the delightful feelings which he had in coming into this city of magnificent hospitality, of beauty, taste, learning and piety. *He came with the evergreen in his hand, and hoped that it would be kindly received.* After giving the status of his Church, and speaking of its healthful sentiments, he sat down, having made a beautiful and appropriate address.

"The Moderator reciprocated the hard (kind?) expressions of the delegate and *presented him with the Olive branch of peace: rejoicing in the words of good feeling that had been heard,* and speaking of attachment that was felt by both bodies to the great doctrines of the gospel set forth in the standards of the Church. He returned the Christian salutation of the Assembly and commended the delegate to the Great Head of the Church.

"This was a very pleasant scene, and was witnessed with lively sensibility by the Assembly."

This Mr. Butler is, we suppose, the Pastor of the Congregational Church in Windsor. His views of the slavery question have, not improbably, been shaped under the influence of that Jesuitical print, the *Vermont Chronicle,* which, being in a sense the organ and exponent of Congregationalism in that State, has done more to pervert the understanding and drug the conscience of the ministry and laity there, on this question, than all other influences combined. He went to Lexington, not in his individual capacity, but as the delegate of the Congregational Chuches of Vermont, and the latter, unless they promptly condemn and repudiate his course, are responsible for what he said. And what *did* he say? Though he did not use the word slavery, he clearly intends to be understood as assuring his Presbyterian brethren and the people of Lexington, "the city of magnificent hospitality, beauty, taste, learning and piety" (!!) that their practice of holding men as property and rearing children for the market like calves and pigs, was no bar to his enjoyment of their *Christian* society and fellowship, and no cause of serious offence to the Churches of the Green Mountain State. "He came with the *evergreen* in his hand, and hoped that it would be kindly received." This hope was realized, for "the Moderator presented him with *the Olive-branch of peace,* rejoicing in the words of good feeling that had been heard," &c. The meaning of all this is as plain as if the parties had said, in so many words, 'The Presbyterians of Kentucky and the Congregationalists of Vermont, agreeing on "the great doctrines of the gospel," should not suffer any little differences of sentiment or feeling on the subject of slavery to separate them from each other. The man who drives his fellow-creatures to unpaid toil claims their offspring like those of his cattle, horses, sheep and swine, as his property, and rears them in ignorance and degradation, is not the less a Christian on that account, if he be sound in the "great doctrines" aforesaid.'

We should like an opportunity to put to every member of a Congregational Church in Vermont the question, "Did the Rev. Franklin Butler represent your sentiments and feelings at Lexington, and if not, how can you answer it to your conscience if you do not, in some way, condemn and repudiate his course?"

THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

THE General Assembly of the New School Presbyterians, at Cleveland, of whose proceedings, on the slavery question, we have kept our readers advised, adjourned on the 3d inst. It is moreover, in all probability, an adjournment forever of that branch of the Church, as a unit, the action of the majority having induced the withdrawal of the Southern section. "Where shall *I* go," is, we imagine, a question very anxiously and very sincerely put to himself by many a Northern Divine during the past week, and one which many of them will find it very difficult to answer. We have only room this week to give, without comment, the report adopted by the Assembly, the protest by the seceding members, the reply, and the address subsequently issued on behalf of the slaveholders. The report, which follows, was adopted by a vote of 166 to 26, 2 not voting. One of the nays subsequently changed his vote to yea, and three others, who were not present when the vote was taken, requested leave to record their names in the affirmative, so that the vote really stood 170 yeas to 25 nays.

The General Assembly, in view of the memorials before them, and of the present relations of the Church to the subject of slavery, feel called upon to make the following exposition of principle and duty.

The Presbyterian Church in these United States has, from the beginning, maintained an attitude of decided opposition to the institution of slavery.

The Synods of New York and Philadelphia, in 1787, two years before the organization of the General Assembly, declared that they did "highly approve of the general principles in favour of universal liberty that prevailed in America, and the interest which many of the States had taken in promoting the abolition of slavery"; and "they recommended it to all their people to use the most prudent measures consistent with the interest and state of civil society in the countries where they lived, to procure eventually the final abolition of slavery in America."

In 1793, while the Constitution of the Presbyterian Church was in process of formation and publication, the action of the Synod just referred to was approved by the General Assembly, and republished by its order.

The Assembly of 1795 declared "that although in some sections of our country, under certain circumstances, the transfer of slaves may be unavoidable, yet they consider the buying and selling of slaves by way of traffic, and all undue severity in the management of them, as inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel. And they recommend it to the Presbyteries and Sessions under their care to make use of all prudent measures to prevent such shameful and unrighteous conduct."

The Assembly of 1815 "expressed their regret that the slavery of the Africans and of their descendants still continued in so many places, and even among those within the pale of the Church," and called particular attention to the action of 1795 with respect to the buying and selling of slaves.

In 1818, the Assembly unanimously adopted a report on this subject, prepared by Dr. Green, of Philadelphia; Dr. Baxter, of Virginia; and Mr. Burgess, of Ohio, of which the following is a part:

"We consider the voluntary enslaving of one portion of the human race by another as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature; as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, which requires us to love our neigbours as ourselves, and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel of Christ, which enjoin that 'all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' Slavery creates a paradox in the moral system; it exhibits rational, accountable and immortal beings in such circumstances as scarcely to leave them the power of moral action. It exhibits them as dependent on the will of others whether they shall receive religious instruction; whether they shall know and worship the true God; whether they shall enjoy the ordinances of the Gospel; whether they shall perform the duties or cherish the endearments of husbands, wives, parents and children, neighbours and friends; whether they shall preserve their chastity and purity, or regard the dictates of justice and humanity. Such are some of the consequences of slavery—consequences not imaginary, but which connect themselves with its very existence. The evils to which the slave is always exposed often take place in fact, and in their very worst degree and form; and when all of them do not take place, as we rejoice to say in many instances, through the influence of the principles of humanity and religion on the minds of masters, they do not—still the slave is deprived of his natural right, degraded as a human being, and exposed to the danger of passing into the hands of a master who may inflict upon him all the hardships and injuries which inhumanity and avarice may suggest.

"From this view of the consequences resulting from the practice into which Christian people have most inconsistently fallen, of enslaving a portion of their brethren of mankind—for God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth—it is manifestly the duty of all Christians who enjoy the light of the present day, when the inconsistency of slavery, both with the dictates of humanity and religion, has been demonstrated and is generally seen and acknowledged, to use their honest, earnest and unwearied endeavours to correct the errors of former times, and as speedily as possible to efface this blot on our holy religion, and to obtain the complete abolition of slavery throughout Christendom, and, if possible, throughout the world.

"The Assembly also recommended 'to all the members of our religious denominations, not only to permit but also to facilitate the instruction of slaves in the principles and duties of the Christian religion,' and added, 'We enjoin on all Church Sessions and Presbyteries under the care of this Assembly to discountenance, and, as far as possible, to prevent, all cruelty of whatever kind in the treatment of slaves, especially the cruelty of separating husband and wife, parents and children, and that which consists in selling slaves to those who will either themselves deprive these unhappy people of the blessings of the Gospel, or who will transport them to places where the Gospel is not proclaimed, or where it is forbidden to slaves to attend upon its institutions.'"

The foregoing testimonials on the subject of slavery were universally acquiesced in by the Presbyterian Church up to the time of the division in 1838.

In the year 1846 the General Assembly made a declaration on this subject, of which the following is the introtory paragraph:

"1. The system of slavery as it exists in these United States, viewed either in the laws of the several States which sanction it, or in its actual operations and results in society, is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppresive system and is opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the precepts and spirit of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity."

In 1849 the Assembly explicitly reaffirmed the sentiments expressed by the Assemblies of 1815, 1818 and 1846. In the year 1856 the General Assembly made the following declaration: "We exceedingly deplore the working of the whole system of slavery as it exists in our country and as interwoven with the political institutions of the slaveholding States, as fraught with many and great evils to the civil, political and moral interests of those regions where it exists.

The holding of our fellow-men in the condition of slavery, except in those cases when it is unavoidable by the laws of the State, the obligations of guardianship or the demands of humanity, is an offence in the proper import of that term as used in the Book of Discipline, chap. 1, sec. 3, and should be regarded and treated in the same manner as other offences."

Occupying the position in relation to this subject which the framers of our Constitution held at the time, and which our Church has always held, *it is with deep grief that we now discover that a portion of the Church at the South has so far departed from the established doctrine of the Church in relation to slavery as to maintain "it is an ordinance of God," and that the system of slavery existing in these United States is Scriptural and right. Against this new doctrine we feel constrained to bear our solemn testimony.* It is at war with the whole spirit and tenor of the Gospel of love and good will, as well as abhorent to the conscience of the Christian world. *We can have no sympathy or fellowship with it; and we exhort all our people to eschew it as serious and pernicious error.*

We are especially pained by the fact that the Presbytery of Lexington South have given official notice to us that a number of ministers and ruling elders, as well as many church members in their connection, hold slaves "from principle" and "of choice," "believing it to be according to the Bible right," and have, without any qualifying explanation, assumed the responsibility of sustaining such ministers, elders and church members in their position. We deem it our duty, in the exercise of our constitutional authority, "to bear testimony against error in doctrine or immorality in practice in any Church, Presbytery or Synod," to disapprove and earnestly condemn the position which has been thus assumed by the Presbytery of Lexington South, as one which is opposed to the established convictions of the Presbyterian Church, and must operate to mar its peace and seriously hinder its prosperity, as well as bring reproach on our holy religion; and we do hereby call on that Presbytery to review and correct their position. Such doctrines and practice cannot be permanently tolerated in the Presbyterian Church. May they speedily melt away under the illuminating and mellowing influence of the Gospel and grace of God our Saviour.

We do not, indeed, pronounce a sentence of indiscriminate condemnation upon all our brethren who are unfortunately connected with the system of slavery. We tenderly sympathize with those who deplore the evil, and are honestly doing all in their power for the present well-being of their slaves, and for their complete emancipation. We would aid and not embarrass such brethren. And yet, in the language of the General Assembly of 1818, we would "earnestly warn them against unduly extending the plea of necessity against making it a cover for the love and practice of slavery, or a pretence for not using efforts that are lawful and practicable to extinguish this evil.

In conclusion, the Assembly call the attention of the Publication Committee to this subject, and recommend the publication, in a convenient form, of the testimony of the Presbyterian Church touching this subject, at the earliest practicable period.

After the announcement of the result, the Southern delegation, through Dr. Hamner, of Baltimore, asked permission to withdraw. They retired and soon after returned with the following

PROTEST OF THE SOUTHERN DELEGATION.

We, the undersigned, Southern ministers and Ruling Elders, protest against the present decision of the General Assembly.

We protest because, while past General Assemblies have asserted that the system of slavery was wrong, they have heretofore affirmed that the slaveholder was so controlled by State laws, obligations of guardianship and humanity that he was, as thus situated, without censure or odium as the master.

This averment, in the testimony of past Assemblies, has so far satisfied the South as to make it unnecessary to do more than protest against the mere anti-slavery part of such testimony.

We protest then, now, that the present act of the Assembly is such an assertion of the sin of slavery as degrades the whole Southern Church—an assertion without authority from the Word of God, or the organic law of the Presbyterian body.

We protest that such action is, under present conditions, the natural exscinding of the South, whatever be the motives of those who vote the deed.

We protest that such indirect excision is unrighteous, oppressive and uncalled for, the exercise of usurped power destructive of the unity of our own branch of the Church, hurtful to the North and the South, and adding to the peril of the union of these United States.

FRED. A. ROSS,	JAS. J. HAMNER,
ISAAC W. K. HANDY,	GIDEON S. WHITE,
GEO. W. HUTCHINS,	GEORGE PAINTER,
JOHN F. CHESTER,	E. A. CARSON,
J. V. BANKS.	R. M. MORRISON,
J. D. LOGAN,	ROBERT MCLAIN,
C. M. ATKINSON,	A. J. MODIE.
ROBT. MCRHEA,	PEACHY R. GRATTAN,
F. R. GRAY,	THOMAS H. CLELAND,
M. S. SHUCK,	ARCHER C. DICKERSON,
W. E. CALDWELL,	HENRY MATHEWS.

To this a committee was appointed to reply, who, after a brief interval, reported

THE ASSEMBLY'S ANSWER TO THE PROTEST.

In reply to the Protest against the action taken by the Assembly on the subject of slavery, the Assembly make the following remarks:

1. The present action of the Assembly on this subject is in perfect harmony with the testimonies of former Assemblies, and consists chiefly in a reaffirmation of those testimonies. The General Assembly has never affirmed that the slaveholder was so controlled by State laws, obligations of guardianship and humanity that he was, as thus situated, without censure or odium as the master. It has only conceded that certain exceptional cases may exist such as are defined in the resolutions adopted by the Assembly of 1850, and approved by this Assembly.

2. We see nothing in the present action which is unconstitutional or even reflects upon any portion of the Southern Church which still abides by the old doctrine of the Presbyterian Church in relation to this subject.

3. With respect to the complaint "that such action is, under the present conditions, the virtual exscinding of the South," the Assembly observe that no such excision is intended, and we cannot perceive that it is in anywise involved, even by remote implication. We have simply affirmed the established views of the Presbyterian Church on the subject of slavery, and distinctly condemned the new and counter doctrines which have been declared and defended by some within our bounds.

4. With regard to the allegation that our action in this case is "unrighteous, oppressive, uncalled for," usurpatory and destructive of great interests, we need only say that it rests on the groundless assumption that this action is an "indirect excision" of the South. If our Southern brethren shall break the unity of the Church because we stand by our common position, as in duty bound, the responsibility for the consequences will not rest on the Assembly.

The seceding members have since issued the following Address, by which, it will be seen, they call for a Convention, to sit in Washington, in August.

ADDRESS.

To the Ministers and Churches in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

DEAR BRETHREN: The undersigned, members of the General Assembly now in session in Cleveland, Ohio, are constrained to address you with reference to the state of our beloved Church, and to indicate the course which should be pursued by all who adhere to the principles of our Constitution, as interpreted by its framers, and as practically acknowledged during the almost entire period of our history as a Church.

The action of the present Assembly on the subject of slavery, especially when considered in connection with the spirit and manifest purpose of several of the Western Synods, has impressed us with the belief that peace and harmony can no longer prevail amongst us: that the Assembly, as at present constituted, instead of being a bond of union between different sections of the Church, *will continue to be the theatre of strife and disorder;* and that the glory of God, the welfare of our Churches, and the good of the country, *demand a separation of the discordant elements, and the existence of another Assembly, in which the agitation of the slavery question will be unknown.*

We had hoped that our brethren who have been disposed to introduce this subject into the General Assembly would, ere this, have been convinced that no good could result to the Church from this agitation—that it was alienating brethren of a common Christian faith, and was calculated to render the condition of the slave more undesirable, and to sunder the ties that bind our union together. In this regard, we have been sadly disappointed. In consequence of the political agitation of the subject, and of the pressure brought to bear upon them by Congregational Churches holding the most ultra Abolition sentiments, many of our Western Presbyteries have become more urgent in demanding progressive action of the Assembly. They have not been satisfied with the past declarations of the Assembly. They have desired the Assembly to express its views of the sin of slaveholding so clearly that they can be made the basis of discipline by the courts of the Church. This action has now been virtually taken by the Assembly. It has avowed that the relation of master and servant—which necessarily involves the idea of property in the services of the latter—is a sin in the sight of God, and an offence in the sense in which the term is used in the Constitution of the Church. This declaration has been made, although confessedly there is not the most remote allusion to slaveholding in our standards, and also with the knowledge of the fact that when our Constitution was adopted, twelve out of the thirteen States were slaveholding States, and many of those who composed the Assembly of 1789, if not slaveholders themselves, were the representatives of Presbyteries in which were churches whose members were slaveholders. We regard this action of the General Assembly as a palpable violation of the spirit and letter of the Constitution of the Church. The principle involved in it, if carried into practice, would convert the highest judicatory of the Church into *an ecclesiastical despotism as tyrannical as that which has distinguished the Church of Rome.* It makes the Assembly not only the interpreter of law in an irregular way, but also the supreme legislature of the Church—a position which has been always repudiated by the Presbyterian Church.

Apart, therefore, from the disastrous consequence resulting from the agitation of the subject of slavery in the General Assembly—destroying, as it does, our peace, keeping us in a state of excitement unfavourable to spiritual growth, and paralyzing our efforts to advance the cause of the Redeemer through the channel of our admirable system of government—we consider that the Assembly has so far departed from the Constitution of the Church as to render our adherence to it undesirable and impossible. Having protested repeatedly against this agitation, and finding that our brethren are determined to continue it, we have deliberately and prayerfully come to the conclusion that, however painful it may be to us, the good of the Church and the country requires a separation from them. We shall hold our brethren who have disturbed our peace, *by the introduction of this vexed question* into our judicatories, *as alone responsible for the consequences of this division.*

With these convictions as to the necessity of a separation from our once united and beloved Zion, the only question that remains for us now to settle, pertains to the mode of separation. The undersigned are satisfied that but one course is left us—and that is, *to invite all Constitutional Presbyterians in the land who are opposed to the agitation of Slavery in the General Assembly to unite in the organization in which this subject shall be utterly eschewed. We do not restrict our invitation to the Southern Churches. We wish to have a National Church*—that is, a Church the constituent parts of which will come from every section of the Union. Holding to the same confession of Faith, we shall have a common basis as to doctrine and government—and an understanding, that, however we may differ in our views respecting slavery, the subject is never to be introduced into the Assembly either by Northern or Southern men, unless, indeed, judicial cases are brought up regularly from the lower courts. In the judgment of the undersigned, this course is our only alternative. There is so much of the same Abolition spirit pervading other Churches that adhere to the same standards of Faith, that we could not expect peace on this subject by uniting with them. We are persuaded that, although this question may be suppressed in their judicatories for awhile, the Abolition spirit exists to such an extent as to threaten their dismemberment. The result may be that the disturbing elements of the different branches of the Presbyterian Church may be united in one body, and that the conservative portion of the same may ultimately be brought together, and thus prove more efficient in promoting the cause of the Redeemer, and in diffusing through the land a truly national spirit. At present, however, the union of these Churches would not afford relief to those who are wearied of this slavery agitation. We are desirous of forming an organization where we shall not be liable to another division from this exciting subject.

The undersigned, therefore, *would invite all Presbyterians, from all sections of the country, to meet in Convention, in the City of Washington,* on the 27th day of August, 1857, for the purpose of consultation, and of organizing a General Assembly in which, it will be distinctly understood, the subject of slavery will not be introduced. We propose this course, instead of organizing an Assembly at once, as being due to the Presbyteries we represent. We would suggest that the Presbyteries be called together as soon as possible: and that, whilst the Presbyteries appoint their delegates to the Assembly in the usual proportion, it is desirable that as many ministers and elders should attend the Convention as can do so. We suggest, also, that in case any of the Presbyteries desiring to be connected with the new Assembly should find it impossible to be represented in the Convention, it would be important that the Convention should be informed of their action.

Praying that God may overrule the distractions of Zion for His own glory, and that we may be guided in this crisis of our history by His unerring counsel, we subscribe ourselves your brethren in Christ:

FRED. A. ROSS, D.D.,	MICHAEL S. SHUCK,
GEORGE PAINTER.	ISAAC W. K. HANDY,
WILLIAM E. CALDWELL,	JAS. G. HAMNER, D.D.,
JOHN B. LOGAN,	HENRY MATHEWS,
ROBERT RHEA,	PEACHY R. GRATTAN,
ARCHER C. DICKERSON,	GEORGE W. HUTCHINS,
THOMAS H. CLELAND,	ELIJAH A. CARSON,
FINCELIUS R. GRAY.	

The undersigned, though not members of the General Assembly now in session in Cleveland, have been present during its discussion of slavery. Being fully convinced that there is no prospect of the cessation of this agitation in the Assembly, and that the action taken is a violation of the Constitution of the Church, we cordially unite in the above invitation.

A. H. H. BOYD, GEORGE M. CRAWFORD.

THE PROCEEDINGS of the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends' for 1857, have just been published in a neat pamphlet of 64 pp. The contents embrace the Minutes of the Meeting; its Testimonies on Slavery, War, Capital Punishment, Temperance, Tobacco, and the Coequality of Woman; its Exposition of Sentiments; a Report on Spiritualism, and spirited letters from Joshua R. Giddings, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Rev. Samuel Johnson, Francis Jackson, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Charles K. Whipple, Rev. Antoinette L. B. Blackwell, Rev. M. D. Conway, and others. For terms of sale see advertisement in another column.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—The issue for June (embracing four weekly numbers) is fresh and vigorous as usual. The American edition is published by Miller & Curtis, successors to Dix & Edwards, 321 Broadway.

Summary.

THE HISTORY OF A "COMP

Miscellaneous Department.

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE EXODUS.

Over the prairies at midnight,
A black and dreary waste,
There fled a lonely mother
With wild and fearful haste.

A poor heart-broken mother,
Close to her heaving breast,
With eager death-like clasping,
A trembling babe she prest.

The prairie-fire before her
Loomed up with lurid glare—
Yet still her course was onward,
As life and hope were there.

And ever as she hastened
Upon her fearful way
She prayed the silent hours
To bring not back the day.

"O, pitying God of heaven!"
She cried in tones so wild,
"Thou who did 'st look on Hagar
Take pity on my child."

The hunters were behind her,
She heard the hound's deep bay,
And angry flames before her
Seemed beckoning to their prey.

"O cease," she said, "thy wailing,
Fear not the scorching flame,
Through it my arms shall bear thee
From bitter woe and shame.

"They say a foaming river
Flows fast by Freedom's shore,
And there the cruel master
Shall seek my child no more.

"On, through the fiery furnace,'
Yet this, dear Lord, may be
But snow flakes falling on us,
If we but trust in Thee."

Then lo! the fierce flames parted
Like waves on either side;
Beyond she sees the waters
Of a river swift and wide.

She hears the hound's loud baying,
She hears the hunter's cry;
She sees the fiery pillar,
She feels that help is nigh.

With one wild cry she bounded
Thro' the parted, flaming sea,
O'er burning coals she hastened
On—on to Liberty!

They reached the foaming river
So swift, and dark, and wide,
And angels waiting bore them
Safe on the other side.

T. E. D.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND. THE TELLING OF THE SECRET.

Fold by fold, Rosamond opened the letter, and saw that there were written characters inside it, traced in ink that had faded to a yellow hue. She smoothed it out carefully on the table, then took it up again, and looked at the first line of the writing.

The first line contained only three words—words which told her that the paper, with the writing on it was not a description of a picture, but a letter—words which made her start and change colour, the moment her eye fell upon them. Without attempting to read any further, she hastily turned over the leaf, to find out the place where the writing ended.

It ended at the bottom of the third page; but there was a break in the lines, near the foot of the second page, and on that break there were two names signed. She looked at the uppermost of the two—started again—and turned back suddenly to the first page.

Line by line, and word by word she read through the writing—her natural complexion fading out gradually the while, and a dull, equal whiteness overspreading all her face in its stead. When she had come to the end of the third page, the hand in which she held the letter dropped to her side, and she turned her head slowly toward Leonard. In that position she stood—no tears moistening her eyes, no change passed over her features, no word escaping her lips, no movement varying the position of her limbs; in that position she stood, with the fatal letter crumpled up in her cold fingers, looking steadfastly, speechlessly, breathlessly at her blind husband.

He was still sitting as she had seen him a few minutes before, with his legs crossed, his hands clasped together in front of them, and his head turned expectantly in the direction in which he had last heard the sound of his wife's voice. But, in a few moments, the intense stillness in the room forced itself upon his attention. He changed his position—listened for a little, turning his head uneasily from side to side—and then called to his wife:

"Rosamond!"

At the sound of his voice, her lips moved, and her fingers closed faster on the paper that they held; but she neither stepped forward nor spoke.

"Rosamond!"

Her lips moved again—faint traces of expression began to pass, shadow-like, over the blank whiteness of her face—she advanced one step, hesitated, looked at the letter, and stopped.

Hearing no answer, he rose surprised and uneasy. Moving his poor, helpless, wandering hands to and fro before him in the air, he walked forward a few paces, straight out from the wall against which he had been sitting. A chair, which his hands were not held enough to touch, stood in his way; and, as he still advanced, he struck his knee sharply against it.

A cry burst from Rosamond's lips, as if the pain of the blow had passed, at the instant of its infliction, from her husband to herself. She was by his side in a moment. "You are not hurt, Lenny?" said she faintly.

"No, no." He tried to press his hand on the place where he had struck himself, but she knelt down quickly, and put her own hand there instead; nestling her head against him, while she was on her knees, in a strangely-hesitating, timid way. He lightly laid the hand which she had intercepted, on her shoulder. The moment it touched her, her eyes began to soften; the tears rose in them, and fell slowly, one by one, down her cheeks.

"I thought you had left me," he said. "There was such a silence that I fancied you had gone out of the room."

"Will you come out of it with me now?" Her strength seemed to fail her, while she asked the question; her head drooped on her breast, and she let the letter fall on the floor at her side.

"Are you tired already, Rosamond? Your voice sounds as if you were."

"I want to leave the room," she said, still in the same low, faint, constrained tone. "Is you knee easier dear? Can you walk now?"

"Certainly. There is nothing in the world the matter with my knee. If you are tired Rosamond—as I know you are, though you may not confess it—the sooner we leave the room the better."

She appeared not to hear the last words he said. Her fingers were working feverishly about her neck and bosom; two bright-red spots were beginning to burn in her pale cheeks; her eyes were fixed vacantly on the letter at her side; her hand wavered about it before she picked it up. For a few seconds, she waited on her knees, looking at it intently, with her head turned away from her husband—then rose and walked to the fireplace. Among the dust, ashes and other rubbish at the back of the grate, were scattered some old torn pieces of paper. They caught her eye, and held it fixed on them. She looked and looked, slowly bending down, nearer and nearer to the grate. For one moment she held the letter out over the rubbish, in both hands—the next, she drew back, shuddering violently, and turned round so as to face her husband again. At the sight of him, a faint, inarticulate exclamation, half-sigh, half sob, burst from her. "Oh, no, no!" she whispered to herself, clasping her hands together, fervently, and looking at him with fond, mournful eyes. "Never, never, Lenny—come of it what may!"

"Were you speaking to me, Rosamond!"

"Yes, love. I was saying—" She paused, and, with trembling fingers, folded up the paper again, exactly in the form in which she had found it.

"Where are you?" he asked, "Your voice sounds away from me, at the other end of the room again. Where are you?"

She ran to him, flushed, trembling and tearful; took him by the arm; and, without an instant of hesitation, without the faintest sign of irresolution in her face, placed the folded paper boldly in his hand. "Keep that, Lenny," she said, turning deadly pale, but still not losing her firmness. "Keep that, and ask me to read it to you as soon as we are out of the Myrtle Room."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The last thing I have found, love," she replied, looking at him earnestly, with a deep sigh of relief.

"Is it of any importance?"

Instead of answering, she suddenly caught him to her bosom, clung to him with the fervour of her impulsive nature, and breathlessly and passionately covered his face with kisses.

"Gently! gently!" said Leonard, laughing. "You take away my breath."

She drew back, and stood looking at him in silence, with a hand laid on each of his shoulders. "Oh, my angel!" she murmured, tenderly. "I would give all I have in the world, if I could only know how much you love me!"

"Surely," he returned, still laughing, "surely, Rosamond, you ought to know by this time!"

"I shall know soon." She spoke these words in tones so quiet and low that they were barely audible. Interpreting the change in her voice as a fresh indication of fatigue, Leonard invited her to lead him away by holding out his hand. She took it in silence, and guided him slowly to the door.

On their way back to the inhabited side of the house, she said nothing more on the subject of the folded piece of paper which she had placed in his hands. All her attention, while they were returning to the west front, seemed to be absorbed in the one act of jealously watching every inch of ground that he walked over, to make sure that it was safe and smooth before she suffered him to set his foot on it. Careful and considerate, as she had always been, from the first day of their married life, wherever she led him from one place to another, she was now unduly, almost absurdly, anxious to preserve him from the remotest possibility of an accident. Finding that he was the nearest to the outside of the open landing, when they left the Myrtle Room, she insisted on changing places, so that he might be nearest to the wall. While they were descending the stairs, she stopped him in the middle, to inquire if he felt any pain in the knee which he had struck against the chair. At the last step, she brought him to a stand-still again, while she moved away the torn and tangled remains of an old mat, for fear one of his feet should catch in it. Walking across the north hall, she entreated that he would take her arm, and lean heavily upon her, because she felt sure that his knee was not quite free from stiffness yet. Even at the short flight of stairs which connected the entrance to the hall with the passages leading to the west side of the house, she twice stopped him on the way down, to place his foot on the sound parts of the steps, which she represented as dangerously worn away in more places than one. He laughed good-humouredly at her excessive anxiety to save him from all danger of stumbling, and asked if there was any likelihood, with their numerous stoppages, of getting back to the west side of the house in time for lunch. She was not ready, as usual, with her retort; his laugh found no pleasant echo in hers; she only answered that it was impossible to be too anxious about him; and then went on in silence, till they reached the door of the housekeeper's room.

Leaving him for a moment outside, she went in to give the keys back again to Mrs. Pentreath.

"Dear me, ma'am!" exclaimed the housekeeper, you look quite overcome by the heat of the day, and the close air of those old rooms. Can I get you a glass of water, or may I give you my bottle of salts?"

Rosamond declined both offers.

"May I be allowed to ask, ma'am, if anything has been found this time in the north rooms?" inquired Mrs. Pentreath, hanging up the bunch of keys.

"Only some old papers," replied Rosamond, turning away.

"I beg pardon, again, ma'am," pursued the housekeeper; "but, in case any of the gentry of the neighbourhood should call to-day?"

"We are engaged. No matter who it may be, we are both engaged. Answering briefly in these terms, Rosamond left Mrs. Pentreath, and rejoined her husband.

With the same excess of attention and care which she had shown on the way to the housekeeper's room, she now led him up the west staircase. The library door happening to stand open, they passed through it, on their way to the drawing-room, which was the larger and cooler apartment of the two. Having guided Leonard to a seat, Rosamond returned to the library, and took from the table a tray containing a bottle of water and a tumbler, which she had noticed when she passed through.

"I may feel faint as well as frightened," she said quickly to herself, turning round with the tray in her hand, to return to the drawing-room.

After she had put the water down on a table in a corner, she noiselessly locked first the door leading into the library, then the door leading into the passage. Leonard, hearing her moving about, advised her to keep quiet on the sofa. She patted him gently on the cheek, and was about to make some suitable answer, when she accidentally beheld her face reflected in the looking-glass under which he was sitting. The sight of her own white cheeks and startled eyes suspended the words on her lips. She hastened away to the window, to catch any breath of air that might be wafted towards her from the sea.

The heat-mist still hid the horizon. Nearer, the oily, colourless surface of the water was just visible, heaving slowly, from time to time, in one vast monotonous wave that rolled itself out, smoothly and endlessly, till it was lost in the white obscurity of the mist. Close on the shore, the noisy surf was hushed, No sound came from the beach, except at long, wearily long intervals, when a quick thump, and a still splash just audible and no more, announced the fall of one tiny, mimic wave upon the parching sand. On the terrace in front of the house, the changeless hum of Summer insects was all that told of life and movement. Not a human figure was to be seen anywhere on the shore; no sign of a sail loomed shadowy through the heat at sea; no breath of air waved the light tendrils of the creepers that twined up the house-wall, or refreshed the drooping flowers ranged in the windows. Rosamond turned away from the outer prospect, after a moment's weary contemplation of it. As she looked into the room again, her husband spoke to her.

"What precious thing lies hidden in this paper?" he asked, producing the letter, and smiling as he opened it. "Surely there must be something besides writing—some inestimable powder, or some bank-note of fabulous value—wrapped up in all these folds?"

Rosamond's heart sank within her, as he opened the letter and passed his finger over the writing inside, with a mock expression of anxiety, and a light jest about sharing all treasures discovered at Porthgenna with his wife.

"I will read it to you directly, Lenny," she said, dropping into the nearest seat, and languidly pushing her hair back from her temples. "But, put it away for a few minutes now, and let us talk of anything else you like that does not remind us of the Myrtle Room. I am very capricious, am I not, to be so suddenly weary of the very subject that I have been fondest of talking about for so many weeks past? Tell me, love," she added, rising abruptly and going to the back of his chair; "do I get worse with my whims and fancies and faults?—or am I improved since the time when we were first married?"

He tossed the letter aside carelessly on a table which was always placed by the arm of his chair, and shook his forefinger at her with a frown of comic reproof. "Oh fie, Rosamond! are you trying to entrap me into paying you compliments?"

The light tone that he persisted in adopting seemed absolutely to terrify her. She shrank away from his chair and sat down again, at a little distance from him.

"I remember I used to offend you," she continued quickly and confusedly. "No, no, not to offend—only to vex you a little—by talking too familiarly to the servants. You might almost have fancied, at first, if you had not known me so well, that it was a habit with me because I had once been a servant myself. Suppose I had been a servant—the servant who had helped to nurse you in your illnesses, the servant who led you about in your blindness more carefully than any one else—would you have thought much, then, of the difference between us? would you—"

She stopped. The smile had vanished from Leonard's face, and he had turned a little away from her. "What is the use, Rosamond, of supposing events that never could have happened?" he asked rather impatiently.

She went to the side-table, poured out some of the water she had brought from the library, and drank it eagerly; then walked to the window and plucked a few of the flowers that were placed there. She threw some of them away again the next moment; but kept the rest in her hand, thoughtfully arranging them so as to contrast their colours with the best effect. When this was done, she put them into her bosom, looked down absently at them, took them out again, and, returning to her husband, placed the little nosegay in the button-hole of his coat.

"Something to make you look gay and bright, love—as I always wish to see you," she said, seating herself in her favourite attitude at his feet, and looking up at him sadly, with her arms resting on his knees.

"What are you thinking about, Rosamond?" he asked, after an interval of silence.

"I was only wondering, Lenny, whether any woman in the world could be as fond of you as I am. I feel almost afraid that there are others who would ask nothing better than to live and die for you, as well as me. There is something in your face, in your voice, in all your ways—something besides the interest of your sad, sad affliction—that would draw any woman's heart to you, I think. If I was to die——"

"If you were to die!" He started as he repeated the words after her, and, leaning forward, anxiously laid his hand upon her forehead. "You are thinking and talking very strangely this morning, Rosamond! Are you not well?"

She rose on her knees and looked closer at him, her face brightening a little, and a faint smile just playing round her lips. "I wonder if you will always be as anxious about me, and as fond of me, as you are now?" she whispered, kissing his hand as she removed it from her forehead. He leaned back again in the chair, and told her jestingly not to look too far into the future. The words, lightly as they were spoken, struck deep into her heart. "There are times, Lenny," she said, "when all one's happiness in the present depends upon one's certainty of the future." She looked at the letter, which her husband had left open on the table near him, as she spoke; and, after a momentary struggle with herself, took it in her hand to read it. At the first word her voice failed her; the deadly paleness overspread her face again; she threw the letter back on the table, and walked away to the other end of the room.

"The future?" asked Leonard. "What future, Rosamond, can you possibly mean?"

"Suppose I meant our future at Porthgenna?" she said, moistening her dry lips with a few drops of water. "Shall we stay here as long as we thought we should, and be as happy as we have been everywhere else? You told me on the journey that I should find it dull, and that I should be driven to try all sorts of extraordinary occupations to amuse myself. You said you expected that I should begin with gardening and end by writing a novel. A novel!" She approached her husband again, and watched his face eagerly while she went on. "Why not? More women write novels now than men. What is to prevent me from trying? The first great requisite, I suppose, is to have an idea of a story; and that I have got." She advanced a few steps further, reached the table on which the letter lay, and placed her hand on it, keeping her eyes still fixed intently on Leonard's face.

"And what is your idea, Rosamond?" he asked.

"This," she replied. "I mean to make the main interest of the story centre in two young married people. They shall be very fond of each other—as fond as we are, Lenny—and they shall be in our rank of life. After they have been happily married some time, and when they have got one child to make them love each other more dearly than ever, a terrible discovery shall fall upon them like a thunderbolt. The husband shall have chosen for his wife a young lady bearing as ancient a family name as——"

"As your name?" suggested Leonard.

"As the name of the Treverton family," she continued, after a pause, during which her hand had been restlessly moving the letter to and fro on the table. "The husband shall be well-born—as well-born as you, Lenny—and the terrible discovery shall be, that his wife has no right to the ancient name that she bore when he married her."

"I can't say, my love, that I approve of your idea. Your story will decoy the reader into feeling an interest in a woman who turns out to be an imposter."

"No!" cried Rosamond, warmly. "A true woman—a woman who never stooped to a deception—a woman full of faults and failings, but a teller of the truth at all hazards and all sacrifices. Hear me out, Lenny, before you judge." Hot tears rushed into her eyes; but she dashed them away passionately, and went on. "The wife shall grow up to womanhood, and shall marry, in total ignorance—mind that!—in total ignorance of her real history. The sudden disclosure of the truth shall overwhelm her—she shall find herself struck by a calamity which she had no hand in bringing about. She shall be crushed, petrified, staggered in her very reason by the discovery; it shall burst upon her when she has no one but herself to depend on; she shall have the power of keeping it a secret from her husband with perfect impunity; she shall be tried, she shall be shaken in her mortal frailness, by one moment of fearful temptation: she shall conquer it, and, of her own free will, she shall tell her husband all that she knows herself. Now, Lenny, what do you call that woman? an imposter?"

"No: a victim."

"Who goes of her own accord to the sacrifice? and who *is* to be sacrified?"

"I did not say that."

"What would you do with her, Lenny, if you were writing the story? I mean, how would you make your husband behave to her? It is a question in which a man's nature is concerned, and a woman is not competent to decide it. I am perplexed about how to end the story. How would you end it, love?" As she ceased, her voice sank sadly to its gentlest pleading tones. She came close to him, and twisted her fingers in his hair fondly. "How would you end it, love?" she repeated, stooping down till her trembling lips just touched his forehead.

He moved uneasily in his chair, and replied, "I am not a writer of novels, Rosamond."

"But how would you act, Lenny, if you were that husband?"

"It is hard for me to say," he answered. "I have not your vivid imagination, my dear: I have no power of putting myself, at a moment's notice, into a position that is not my own, and of knowing how I should act in it."

"But suppose your wife was close to you—as close as I am now? Suppose she had just told you the dreadful secret, and was standing before you—as I am standing now—with the happiness of her whole life to come depending on one kind word from your lips? Oh, Lenny, you would not let her drop broken-hearted at your feet? You would know, let her birth be what it might, that she was still the same faithful creature who had cherished, and trusted, and worshipped you since her marriage-day, and who asked nothing in return but to lay her head on your bosom, and to hear you say that you loved her? You would know that she had nerved herself to tell the fatal secret, because in her loyalty and love to her husband, she would rather die forsaken and despised, than live, deceiving him? You would know all this, and you would open your arms to the mother of your child, to the wife of your first love, though she was the lowliest of all lowly-born women in the estimation of the world? Oh, you would, Lenny; I know you would!"

"Rosamond! how your hands tremble; how your voice alters! You are agitating yourself about this supposed story of yours, as if you were talking of real events."

"You would take her to your heart, Lenny? You would open your arms to her without an instant of unworthy doubt?"

"Hush! hush! I hope I should."

"Hope? only hope? Oh, think again, love, think again; and say you *know* you should!"

"Must I, Rosamond? Then I do say it."

She drew back as the words passed his lips, and took the letter from the table.

"You have not yet asked me, Lenny, to read the letter I found in the Myrtle Room. I offer to read it now, of my own accord." She trembled a little as she spoke those few decisive words, but her utterance of them was clear and steady, as if her consciousness of being now irrevocably pledged to make the disclosure, had strengthened her at last to dare all hazards and end all suspense.

Her husband turned towards the place from which the sound of her voice had reached him, with a mixed expression of perplexity and surprise in his face. "You pass so suddenly from one subject to another," he said, "that I hardly know how to follow you. What in the world, Rosamond, takes you, at one jump, from a romantic argument about a situation in a novel, to the plain, practical business of reading an old letter?"

"Perhaps there is a closer connection between the two, than you suspect," she answered.

"A closer connection? What connection? I don't understand."

"The letter will explain."

"Why the letter? Why should *you* not explain?"

She stole one anxious look at his face, and saw that a sense of something serious to come was now overshadowing his mind for the first time.

"Rosamond!" he exclaimed, "there is some mystery——"

"There are no mysteries between us two," she interposed quickly. "There never have been any, love; there never shall be." She moved a little nearer to him to take her old favourite place on his knee, then checked herself, and drew back again to the table. Warning tears in her eyes bade her distrust her own firmness, and read the letter where she could not feel the beating of his heart.

"Did I tell you," she resumed, after waiting an instant to compose herself, "where I found the folded piece of paper which I put into your hand in the Myrtle Room?"

"No," he replied, "I think not."

"I found it at the back of the frame of that picture—the picture of the ghostly woman with the wicked face. I opened it immediately, and saw that it was a letter. The address inside, the first line under it, and one of the two signatures that it contained were in a handwriting that I knew."

"Whose?"

"The handwriting of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Of your mother?"

"Of the late Mrs. Treverton."

"Gracious God, Rosamond! why do you speak of her in that way?"

"Let me read, and you will know. I would rather read it than tell it. You have seen, with my eyes, what the Myrtle Room is like; you have seen, with my eyes, every object which the search through it brought to light; you must now see, with my eyes, what the letter contains. It is the Secret of the Myrtle Room."

She bent close over the faint, faded writing, and read these words:

"To my husband—

"We have parted, Arthur, for ever, and I have not had the courage to embitter our farewell by confessing that I have deceived you—cruelly and basely deceived you. But a few minutes since, you were weeping by my bedside, and speaking of our child. My wronged, my beloved husband, the little daughter of your heart is not yours, is not mine. She is a love-child, whom I have imposed on you for mine. Her father was a miner at Porthgenna, her mother is my maid, Sarah Leeson."

Rosamond paused, but never raised her head from the letter. She heard her husband lay his hand suddenly on the table; she heard him start to his feet; she heard him draw his breath heavily in one quick gasp; she heard him whisper to himself the instant after, "A love-child!" With a fearful, painful distinctness she heard those three words. The tone in which he whispered them turned her cold. But she never moved, for there was more to read; and while more remained, if her life had depended on it, she could not have looked up.

In a moment more she went on, and read these lines next:

"I have many heavy sins to answer for, but this one sin you must pardon, Arthur; for I committed it through fondness for you. That fondness told me a secret which you sought to hide from me. That fondness told me that your barren wife would never make your heart all her own until she had borne you a child; and your own lips proved it true. Your first words, when you came back from sea, and when the infant was placed in your arms, were: 'I have never loved you, Rosamond, as I love you now.' If you had not said that, I should never have kept my guilty secret.

"I can add no more, for death is very near me. How the fraud was committed, and what my other motives were, I must leave you to discover from the mother of the child, who is charged to give you this. You will be merciful to the poor little creature who bears my name, I know. Be merciful also to her unhappy parent: she is only guilty of too blindly obeying me. If there is anything that mitigates the bitterness of my remorse, it is the remembrance that my act of deceit saved the most faithful and the most affectionate of women from shame that she had not deserved. Remember me forgivingly, Arthur—words may tell how I have sinned against you; no words can tell how I have loved you!"

She had struggled on thus far, and had reached the last line on the second page of the letter, when she paused again, and then tried to read the first of the two signatures—"Rosamond Treverton." She faintly repeated two syllables of that familiar Christian name—the name that was on her husband's lips every hour of the day!—and struggled to articulate the third, but her voice failed her. All the sacred household memories which that ruthless letter had profaned for ever, seemed to tear themselves away from her heart at the same moment. With a low, moaning cry, she dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head down on them, and hid her face.

She heard nothing, she was conscious of nothing, until she felt a touch on her shoulder—a light touch from a hand that trembled. Every pulse in her body bounded in answer to it, and she looked up.

Her husband had guided himself near to her by the table. The tears were glistening in his dim, sightless eyes. As she rose and touched him, his arms opened, and closed fast round her.

"My own Rosamond!" he said, "come to me and be comforted!"

THE ELOQUENT NEGRO PREACHER.

From the Rev. Dr. Watson's "Tales and Talkings."

The next day we were all *en route* for camp-meeting, where we arrived just as the sable orator arose to officiate. I took my seat with the congregation, and scanned, with no small interest, the occupant of the "stand." He was a light-coloured mulatto, aged about fifty, a little corpulent, mouth large and well-formed, eyes rather small, chestnut coloured, looking a little dull, but lighted up with fire as he became excited. His brow was square, prominent and retreating. In a word, his form was symmetrical, and countenance more intellectual than any one of his race I had ever seen; nor have I since, in this respect, ever met his equal, either indicatively or in fact. Solemnity, simplicity, dignity and sincerity marked his progress through the preliminaries. He possessed but an imperfect knowledge of letters; read with hesitancy and inaccuracy; seeming to depend less upon the text to guide him, than his memory. He spoke in the true negro dialect, but seemed to employ a refined, if you please a *classic* species. It rolled from his lips with a sharpness of outline and distinctness of enunciation that seemed to impart to it a polish an a charm, transforming it into the language of beauty. Some sentences in his prayer are noteworthy, as furnishing a fair specimen of that artless eloquence that flowed as natural from his lips, and as fresh and sparkling, and seemingly as exhaustless, as a mountain cascade. "O Load dou art bery great; all else but dee is as nothing, and less dan nothing; dou touchest de mountains and dey smoke; dou holdest de great and mighty sea in de hollow ob dine hand, and rukes up de isles as a bery little ting, and at dine rebukes de pillars of heben shudder, and at dine purity de angels turn pale," &c. "O Load, send de Star ob Bethlehem to shine in all lands, and de angels ob de manger cradle to sing in all countries, dat de world may be full ob de light ob lobe, and de music ob salvation, and be so mightily like haben, dat when de souls ob de good come back again to de world dey may scarce know de difference," etc. "O Load, gader all classes and colours to de cross, bind de parted nations togeder in a bond ob lobe, strong as de chain of dine eternal decrees, and lasting as all ages to come." His sermon, which followed, was jewelled with sentences of similar, and even surpassing merit, uttered with a well-controlled and musical voice, with brimful eyes, and a pathos and power which it is less difficult to remember than not to envy. One would forget the visit of an angel as soon as the blazing countenance and magic mission of the orator who plays at will with his heart strings. Listening to the preacher, my delight was only excelled by my astonishment. Losing sight of colour, and the degradation of his race, I reverenced, in an unlettered African slave, the genius of an Apollos and the force of an apostle. At the close of each of his periods of fire, a volley of "amens," from the pious of his excitable audience, pealed up to heaven until the pendant boughs over our heads seemed to wave in the ascending gusts of devotion. Of the length of the sermon I have no recollection. Of the sermon itself I have the most distinct recollection. His artless visions, like Hebrew poetry, hang as pictures in the memory, to which time but adds additional life and freshness. Here was unsophisticated genius, artless as childhood, strong as Hercules; taught by God only, as were the fisherman founders of our faith, and seeking the covert of the wilds of the West to lavish its sparkling stores upon a rude and fugitive population.

What follows is scarcely an outline of his sermon, but rather a skitch of some of its most eloquent passages. He announced for his text these words:

"And a man shall be as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Isaiah xxxii, 2.

"Dare be two kinds ob language, de literal and de figerative. De one expresses de tought plainly, but not passionately; de oder passionately, but not always so plainly. De Bible abounds wid bof dese mode ob talk. De text is an ensample ob dat lubly style ob speech de figertive. De prophet's mind was as clear as de sea ob glass in de Rebelations, and mingled with fire. He seed away down de riber of ages glorious coming events. He held his ear to de harp of prophecy, and heard in its fainter cadences, loudening as he listened, de birf-song ob de multitude ob de hebenly host on de meadows ob Bethlehem. He seed de hills ob Judea tipped wid hebenly light; de fust sermon mountin, and de crucifixion mountin, and de mountin ob ascension, clapped deir hands in de prophet's wision of gladness. Gray-bearded Time stretched his brawney sinews to hasten on de fullness ob latter-day glory. Brederen, de text am as full ob latter-day glory as am de sun ob light. It am as full ob Christ as de body ob heben am ob God. De sinner's danger and his certain destruction, Christ's sabin lub, his sheltering grace and his feasting goodness am brought to view in de text, and impressed in de language ob comparison.

"'And a man shall be as a hiding-place from de wind.' Many parts ob de ancient countries (and it still am de case) was desert; wild wastes ob dreary desolation; regions ob fine blistering sands; just as it was left when the flood went away, and which has not been suffered to cool since de first sunshine dat succeeded dat event. No grass, no flower, no tree dare be pleasant to de sight. A scene ob unrelebed waste; an ocean made ob power, into which de curse ob angered Heben had ground a portion ob earth. Now and den, a huge rock, like shattered shafts and fallen monuments in a neglected grave-gard, and big enuf to be de tomb-stone ob millions, would liff its moseless sides 'bove de 'cumulating sands. No pis'nous sarpint or venomous beast here await deir prey, for death here has ended his work and dwells 'mid silence. But de trabeler here, who adventures, or necessity may have made a bold wanderer, finds foes in de elements fatal and resistless. De long heated earth here at places sends up all kinds ob pis'nous gases from de many minerals ob its mysterious bosom; dese tings take fire, and den dere be a tempest ob fire, and woe be to de traveler dat be obertaken in dis fire ob de Lord widout a shelter. Again, dem gases be pison, and dere be de pison winds as well as de fire winds. Dey can be seen a coming, and look green and yeller, and coppery, spotted snake-like, and float and wave in de air, like pison coats on water, and look like de wing ob de death angel; fly as swift as the cloud-shadow ober de cotton field, and when de obertake de flyin' trabeler dey am sure to prove his winding-sheet; de drifting sands do dare rest, and 'bliterate the faintest traces ob his footsteps. Dis be death in de desert, 'mid de wind's loud scream in your sand-filling ears for a funeral sermon, and your grave hidden forever. No sweet spring here to weave her hangings ob green 'bout your lub-guarded dust. De dews shall shed no tears 'pon your famined graves. De resurrection angel alone can find ye.

"But agin dis fire wind and dis tempest ob pison dat widthers wid a bref, and mummifies whole caravans and armies in dare march, dare is one brestwork, one 'hiding-place,' one protecting 'shadow' in de dreaded desert. It am 'de shadow ob a great rock in dis weary land.' Often has the weary trabeler seen death in de distance, pursuing him on de wings ob de wind, and felt de certainty ob his fate in de darkness ob de furnace-like air around him. A drowsiness stronger 'most dan de lub of life creeps ober him, and de jaded camel reels in de heby sand-road under him. A shout ob danger from de more resolute captain ob de caravan am sent along de ranks, prolonged by a thousand thirst-blistered tongues, commingled in one ceaseless howl ob woe, varied by every tone of distress and despair. To 'de great rock,' shouts de leader as 'pon his Arab boss he heads dis 'flight to de Refuge.' Behind dem at a great distance, but yet fearfully near for safety, is seen a dark belt bending ober de horizon, and sparkling in its waby windings like a great sarpent, air-hung at a little distance from de ground, and advancing wid de swiftness ob an arrow. Before dem, in de distance, a mighty great rock spreads out its broad and all-resisting sides, lifting its narrowing point 'bove de clouds, tipped wid de sun's fiery blaze, which had burnt 'pon it since infant creation 'woke from de cradle ob kaos at de call ob its Fader. [Here our sable orator pointed away to some of the spurs of the Ozark mountains seen off to the north-west through a forest opening, at a distance of from ten to fifteen miles, and whose summits of barren granite blazed in the strength of a clear June sun, like sheeted domes on distant catherals.] Dat light be de light ob hope, and dat rock be de rock ob hope to de now flyin', weepin', faintin' and famishin' hundreds. De captin' has arrived dare. [Here a suppressed cry of 'Thank God,' escaped many of the audience.] See, he has disappeared behind it, perhaps to explore its cavern coverts. But see, he has soon reappeared, and wid joy dancing in his eye, he stands shoutin' and beckonin', 'Onward! *onward!!* ONWARD!!! ONWARD!!!!' when he reels from weariness and falls in behind de rock. ['Thank God, he's saved!' exclaimed a voice.] Onward dey rush, men, women, husbands, wives, parents and children, broders and sisters, like doves to de windows, and disappear behind dis rampart ob salvation. Some faint just as dey 'rive at de great rock, and dare friend run out and drag dem to de 'hidin'-place,' when wakin' up in safety, like dat sister dare, dat lose her strength in de prayer-meetin', dey shout 'loud for joy. [Here many voices at once shouted 'Glory!'] De darknin' sand-plain ober which dese fled for life, now lies strewed wid beasts, giben out in de struggle, and all useless burdens was trowed 'side. De waby sheet ob destruction, skimmin' de surface wid de swiftness ob shadow, no be bery near, and yet a few feeble stragglers and lubbed friends ob dis sheltered multitude are yet a great way off. [Here words were uttered in a choked accent, the speaker seeming unable to resist the thrilling character of the analogy.] Yes, a great way off. But see, moders and broders from behind de rock are shoutin' to dem to hasten. Dey come, dey come. A few steps more, and dey are saved. But O, de pison wind is just behind dem, and its choke mist already round dem! Dare one fall, and dare is a scream. No, he rises again, and am saved. But one is still exposed. It be de fader ob dat little nest ob sweet-eyed children, for which he had fled to de rear to hurry on. Dey have passed forward and are safe. He am but a little distance from de rock, and not a head dares to peep to him encouragement from behind it. Already de wings ob de death angel am on de haunches of his strong dromedary. His beast falls, but 'pon de moment ob him falling, de rider leaps out ob his saddle into dis 'hiding-place from de wind.' His little boy, crouching in a hole ob de rock, into which he thrusts his head, entwines his neck with his little arms and says, 'Papa, you hab come, and we be all here.' [Here the shouts of 'Salvation,' 'Salvation,' seemed to shake the place in which we were assembled.]

"Now, de burnin' winds and de pison winds blow and beat 'pon dat rock, but who dose hab taken refuge behind it, in its overhanging precipices, are safe until de tempest am ober and gone.

"And now, brederen, what does all dis represent in a figure? Dat rock am Christ; dem winds be de wrath of God rebealed against the children of disobedience. Dem dat be sabed be dem dat hab fled to de refuge, to de hope set before dem in Christ Jesus de Lord. De desert am de vast howling wilderness ob dis world, where dere be so little ob lub, and so much ob hate; so little ob sincerity, and so much ob hypocrisy; so little ob good, and so much ob sin; so little ob heben, and so much ob hell. It seem to poor me, dat dis world am de battle-ground ob de debil and his angels against Christ and his elect, and if de debil hab not gained de victory, he hold possession because every sinner am a Tory. God ob de Gospel, open de batteries ob heben to-day! [Here a volley of hearty 'Amens.'] Sinners, de wrath ob God am gathering against you for the great decisive battle. I already sees in de light ob Zina's lightnings a long embankment ob dark cloud down on de sky. De tall thunder-heads nod wid dare plumes ob fire in dare onward march. De day of vengeance am at hand. Mercy, dat has pleaded long for you wid tears of blood, will soon dry her eyes and hush her prayers in your behalf. Death and hell hang on your track wid de swiftness ob de tempest. Before you am ds 'hiding-place.' Fly, fly, I beseech you, from de wrath to come!

"But brederen, de joy ob de believer in Jesus am set forth in a figerative manner in de text. It am compared to water to dem what be dying ob thirst. O, how sweet to de taste ob de desert trabeler sweltering under a burning sun, as if creation was a great furnace. Water! sweet, sparklin', livin', bubblin', silvery water! how does his languid eyes brighten as he suddenly sees it gushing up at his feet, like milk from de fountain ob lub, or leaping from de sides ob de mountain rock, like a relief angel from heben. He drinks long and gratefully, and feels again de blessed pulsations of being. And so wid de soul dat experience joy in beliebing, de sweets ob pardon, de raptures ob peace, de witnessin' Spirit's communings, and de quiet awe ob adoption. Such a soul be ober-shadowed wid de Almighty; he lingers in de shady retreats ob de garden ob God; he feed in de pastures ob his lub, and am led by still waters, and often visits de land ob Beulah, where it always am light. But, my brederen, all comparison be two dispassionate, and an angel's words am too cold to describe de raptures ob salvation! It am unspeakable and full ob glory. De life ob innocence and prayer; de sweet, child-like smile and de swimmin' eye; de countenance so glorious in death, dat but for decay, de body ob de gone home saint might be kept as a breathin' statue of peace and patience, smiling in victory ober all de sorrows ob life and de terrors ob death, are de natural language ob dis holy passion. O, Glory to God! I feels it to-day like fire in my bones! Like a chained eagle, my soul rises toward her native heben, but she can only fly just so high. But de fetters ob flesh shall fall off soon, and den

"'I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas ob hebenly rest,
And not a wabe of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'"

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

Sidney Smith.—Smith observing Lord Brougham's one-horse carriage, he remarked to a friend, alluding to the B surrounded by a coronet on the panel, "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a *wasp* within."

—"The Right Man in the Right Place."—Jan. 30. This day, my great, great, great-grandfather, Charles the First, was *be-nobbed* / and well he deserved it; he was a Jesuitical, hypocritical rascal as ever wore a crown. He died with pluck, because he was in his right place, on a scaffold! not the right place as a king, but as a man. God rest his soul! but he was a bad king, a bad soldier, and a bad man."—*Sir Charles Napier's Memoirs.*

—A Lockjaw Name.—Siam is governed by two kings. Nominally tributary to the Emperor of China, the first of these potentates is in fact absolute. His name is Phra Bard Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut Phra Chom Klau Chu yu Hau. Nor will the reader be surprised at this nomenclature on learning that an ancestor of the present monarch rejoiced in the following polysyllable: Shanlitpaklapchiukulungpimahulukwansz; and that the father of the reigning sovereign was blessed with seven hundred wives. The two kings are singularly enlightened.—*Sir John Bowring.*

—A writer in *Blackwood* says: "As we were once trudging along on the high road to Youghal on a Winter afternoon, we overtook a funeral. The mourners were of the poorest class of peasantry. There were a few women in tattered cloaks, and men with sleeveless jackets and footless stockings. The coffin had a pauper look: we watched the procession for awhile, and to our surprise saw it stop at the entrance of a stately domain. There was a slight demur, and then the gates opened wide, and the dead was carried through, and as the train straggled on through avenues and sloping glades, a wailing cry came back upon the wind. We inquired the meaning of this, and heard that the last of the lordly Geraldines, on selling the lands of his race, had reserved the right of burial in their own ground to all his descendants forever. This right had been religiously exacted, and whenever any one who could claim descent from this line, however poor he might be, died, the body claimed the privilege of this strange tenure, and the lordly owner of the vast est